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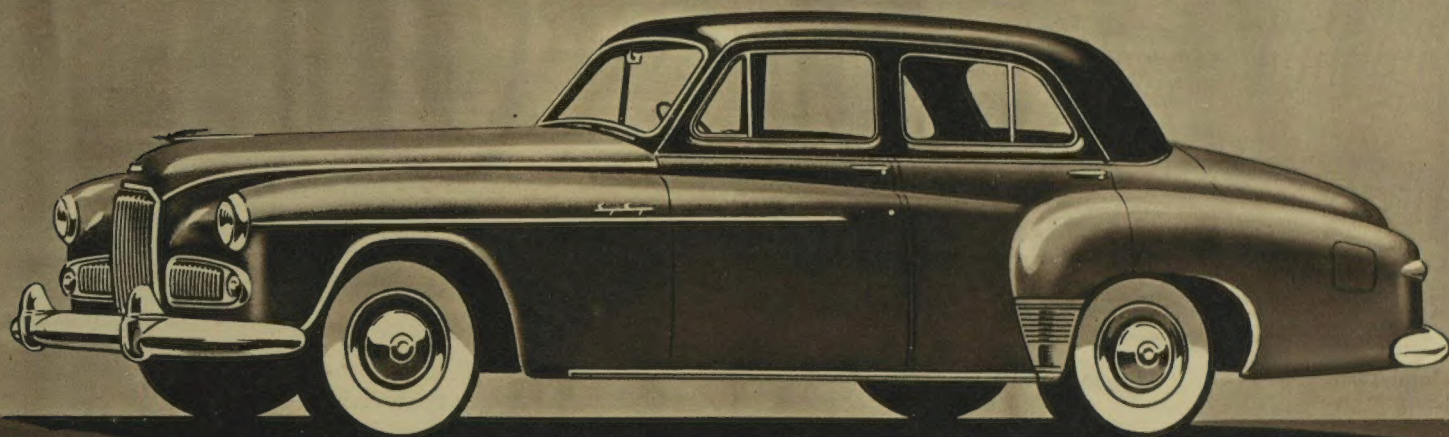
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 An artist? Certainly! ...
 and a most designing individual.
 What's more, a man with a reputation
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 Let's have a word with him.

Sir! Will you join us in a small glass of something?

*Why, thank you. I will. Not too small, if you
 don't mind ... and not too strong.*

A dry Martini?

*This morning I feel more inclined to a straight
 vermouth—shall we say a Martini Dry.
 And I'll take it, if I may, in a large glass.
 You can't appreciate a first-rate vermouth in thimblefuls.*

That's an interesting answer.
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*Coldness—a good barman provides that free!
 And an olive by all means.
 The colour of an olive tones well with the Martini.
 The flavour of an olive doesn't quarrel
 with the subtleties in the glass.
 Settings are important. I wouldn't, for instance,
 drink even a Martini from a chipped china mug.*

But, china mugs apart ...?

*There's no better drink in the wide world
 than Martini, dry or sweet.
 You can quote Hardy Amies on that.*



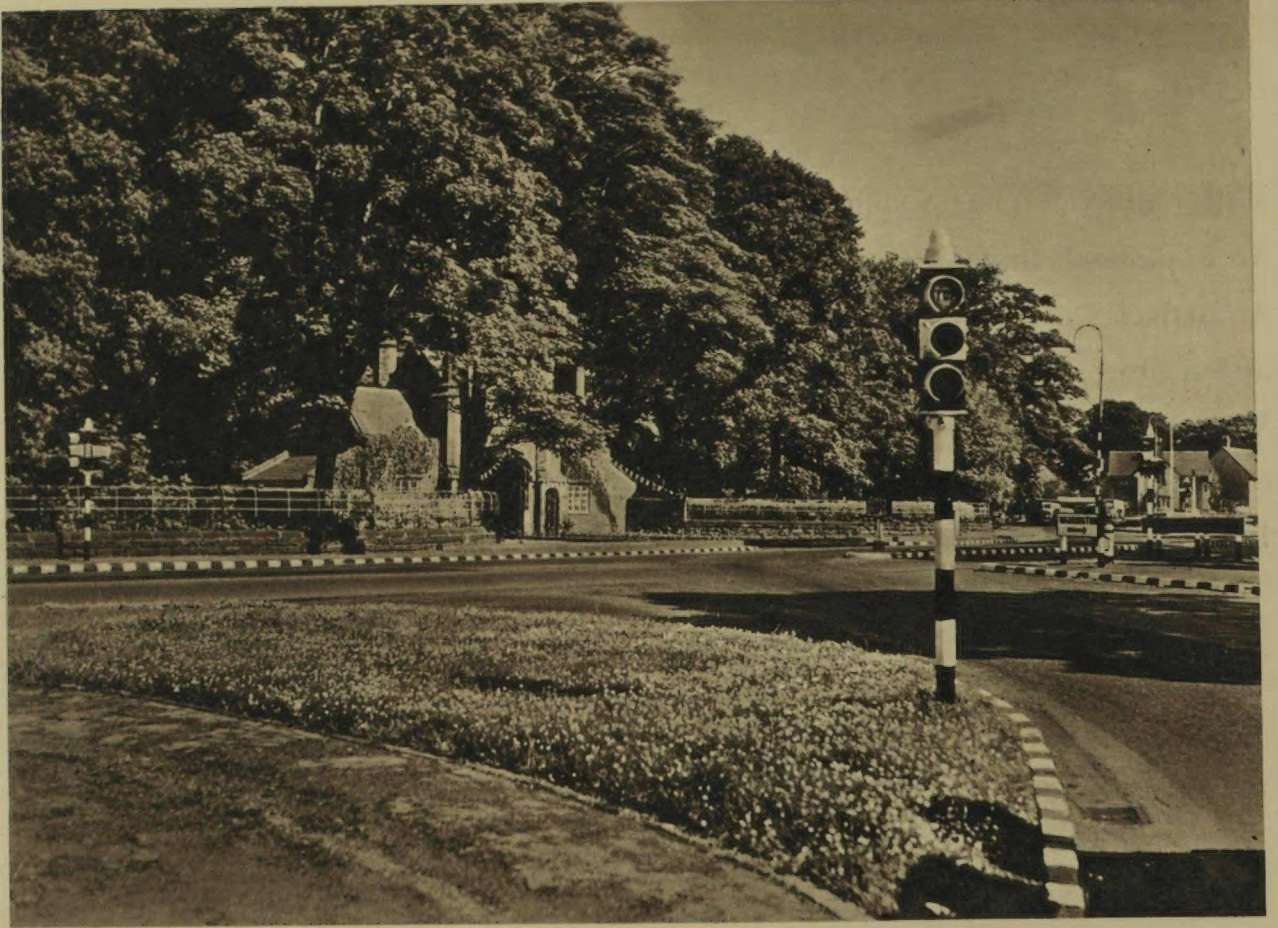
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Traffic signals at Mere Corner, Cheshire.

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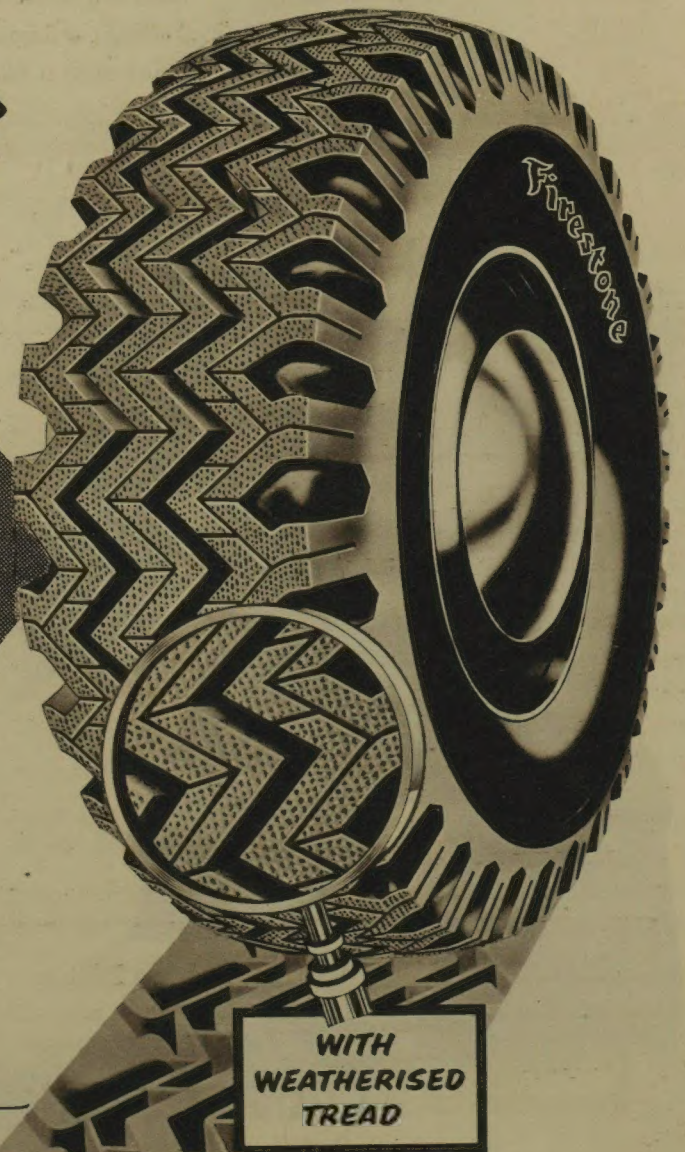
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HERE'S ONE of the surest ways to cut motoring costs. Change to BP Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil and save petrol as well as reducing engine wear. Many delighted users have kept accurate records of petrol consumption and proved their savings to a decimal point. If most of your running is start and stop you will save up to 12% — about 7d. per gallon. Even if you are mainly a long distance motorist you can still expect up to 5% saving.

How this oil saves petrol

With conventional oils quite a considerable amount of your engine's power is wasted in overcoming oil drag. This is most marked when the engine is warming up. BP Energol 'Visco-static' reduces oil drag and so saves petrol. It is a multigrade oil which remains free-flowing even in freezing cold. As a result your engine starts easier, runs more freely and gives greater power.

On petrol saving alone, BP Energol 'Visco-static' more than repays its extra cost. But even more important is the way it reduces wear.

Tests with the new radio-active wear detector have proved that BP Energol 'Visco-static' reduces engine wear by 80%. Under normal driving conditions you can expect at least double the mileage from your engine before an overhaul is necessary.

BP Energol 'Visco-static' is for use all the year round in all 4-stroke petrol engines in good condition where grades SAE 10W to 40 are normally recommended.

BP Energol 'Visco-static' is obtainable at garages where you see the BP Shield, in pint, quart and 1 gallon sealed containers.

Going Abroad? BP Energol 'Visco-static' motor oil is available in all countries of Western Europe except Spain

Do's and Don'ts with BP Energol 'Visco-static'

Don't mix it with other oils.

Drain and refill with BP Energol 'Visco-static'. If you have not been using a detergent oil you should run 500 miles then drain and refill again.

Don't change to BP Energol 'Visco-static' if your engine will shortly need an overhaul. In such cases you should continue to use the normal grades of BP Energol until it has been overhauled.

12½% petrol saving by this motorist

Mr. P. Ross of Hull runs a Ford Popular. He writes, "Since purchasing the car I have kept an accurate log of m.p.g. and my observations are as follows. Before using BP Energol 'Visco-static' I averaged 32½ m.p.g., and since the change-over I have averaged 36½ m.p.g., an increase of approximately 12½%."



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Was 5d.
the price of fame?

TCO

What makes one man trust another? Such small points come into it. This young reporter, for instance, hopes to gain an interview with a visiting musician noted for his shyness. To break the ice, he offers a cigarette. It's the kind he prefers—5d. more for 20 but he doesn't grudge that. And what luck! The great man knows and likes them too.

So he gets an interview he hardly expected. Could "Three Castles" have had something to do with it? Did those extra five pennies perhaps buy more than very good cigarettes? The confidence of a great man . . . success . . . who knows?



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Also Magnums 40/-

JUNE

Village Cricket

IT IS NOT SO VERY LONG, as anyone can see by glancing through the back numbers of *Punch*, since Village Cricket was a comic institution or anyhow was so regarded. Cows roamed the lush out-field, many of the players wore braces and umpires were unashamedly partisan. The Herculean muscles of the blacksmith, the vicar's Panama, the unrepeatable comments of the wicket-keeper—to humorists (of whom, among the artists, Frank Reynolds showed an especial felicity) these clowns at the court of King Willow were a godsend. They must have existed once, but they do not exist now. White flannels, printed fixture-lists, sight-screens, stroke-play, change-bowlers—these amenities are taken for granted upon what, if it ever was the village green, is now known as "the Rec." Wickets are still apt to be fiery and umpires something less than Olympian; but the standard of play—and especially of fielding—is high and the technique orthodox. Batsmen who try to hit a six do not fall over backwards if they fail, wides do not figure largely among the extras. All this decorum and proficiency clearly serve the best interests of the game as a whole; but it would, in a way, be rather nice to see the blacksmith at the wicket again, wearing braces and refusing to take guard.



Comedians or not, the village stalwarts displayed a sturdy individualism which we find wholly admirable. Enterprise in any field will, in consequence, always find at the Midland Bank a ready welcome and a real desire to be of service, as shown in the booklet, "Midland Bank Services for You" (free from any branch).

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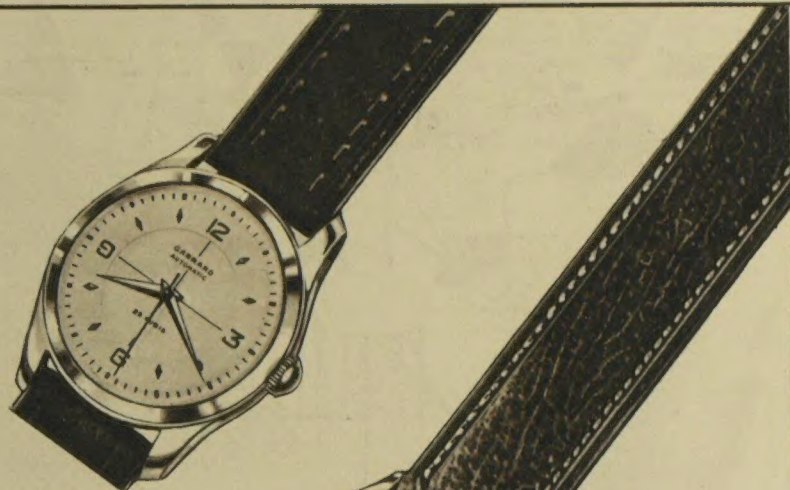
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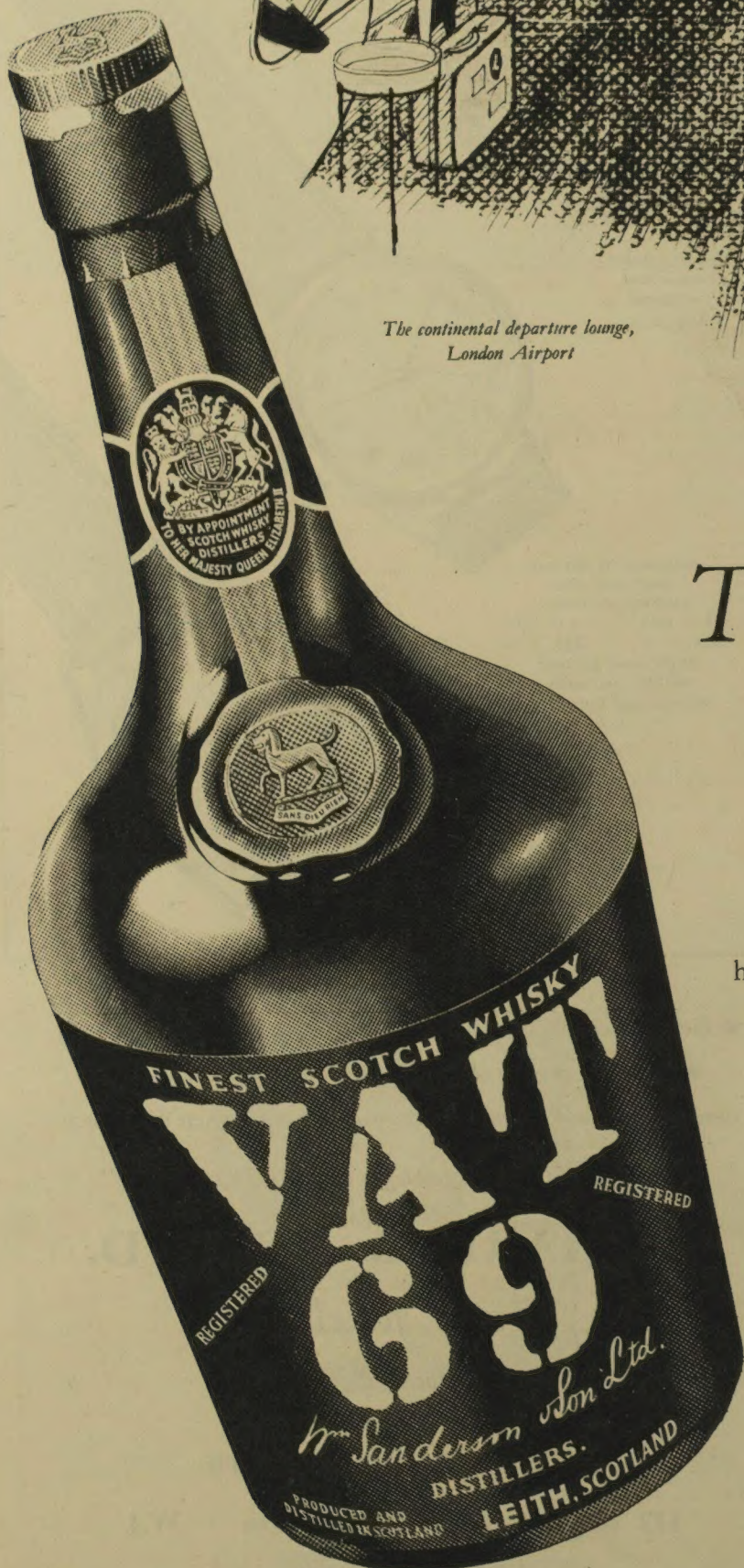
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SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1956.



EXHIBITED AT THE ZURICH INTERNATIONAL AIR SHOW: THE *CORPORAL*, THE AMERICAN GROUND-TO-GROUND GUIDED MISSILE, IN WHOSE USE THE ROYAL ARTILLERY ARE BEING TRAINED.

Nine nations sent exhibits to the international air show staged by the Swiss Aero Club at Zurich on May 26-27. Outstanding exhibits were the Russian TU-104 jet airliner, the American F-100C *Super Sabre* fighter-bomber; and a number of American guided weapons, including the *Corporal* and the *Nike*. It will be recalled that Royal Artillery units are being formed to operate *Corporals*, and officers and men of the R.A. are at present

in America undergoing training in its use. It is a ground-to-ground guided missile with a range of about 50 miles, and with either an atomic or a conventional warhead. There were many flying displays and the aerobatic performances of the R.A.F.'s *Hunter Mk. VI* fighters attracted much attention. Two four-jet *Valiant* bombers circled the field in a non-stop flight from England. French and Swedish jet fighters also gave very fine performances.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I SUPPOSE the most noticeable, and certainly the most unchanging thing about England, is that it is a kindly country—a kindly land and a kindly people. Whether it will be so in another twenty years' time when the last vestiges of the older England have all been destroyed, its gentle landscape and guardian trees obliterated by a hard universal contractors' concrete, and the present generation of children grown to maturity and in rather terrifying charge of our destinies, it is hard to say. There have always been spoilt children in every age, but I doubt whether there has ever before been one in which such a large proportion of English children, rich and poor alike, were almost totally undisciplined by their parents and, therefore, as a result, growing up selfish and boorish, which is usually an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual callousness. Probably these gloomy fears of a querulous and ageing pedant will be falsified by time; such fears usually are, at any rate in England. Who, for instance, remembering how raw and brash the new suburbs of London and our larger cities seemed in the early years of the present century, could have conceived how quickly they would have become humanised and civilised: gentle habited groves of laburnum and lilac and small chestnut avenues, breeding-ground of the young heroes who won the Battle of Britain, sung by that kindest and most English of poets, John Betjeman—the James Barrie, if he will forgive me saying so, of twentieth-century English suburbia and its hopes and pleasures:

Gaily into Ruislip Gardens
Runs the red electric train,
With a thousand Ta's and
Pardon's
Daintily alights Elaine;
Hurries down the concrete
station
With a frown of concentra-
tion,
Out into the outskirt's edges
Where a few surviving
hedges
Keep alive our lost Elysium
—rural Middlesex again.*

For the English—I must leave the Scots and the Welsh and the Irish for once to speak for themselves, which, to do them justice, they are seldom backward in doing—are, despite all that is said against them, a kindly people. They are not, of course, always kind and sometimes, as all people are at times, they can be cruel, but they set a great store by kindness and regard it more, I believe, than any other people in the world as a virtue. They are, for the most part, after a century and a half of industrialism, hideously ugly, proudly lacking in any æsthetic sense, and unimaginative and notionally banal to a degree that would drive any intelligent Latin or Slav who had to share their domestic life to murder or suicide. Yet, though not demonstrative and lacking in grace, they are astonishingly kind: kind to Mum, kind to old, toothless, hard-to-please Gran, kind to the kids—too kind!—kind to Auntie who missed the bus, kind to their mates, kind to the neighbours, especially when things go wrong, and even kind, in a patronising, mildly amused sort of way, to foreigners, particularly those who appear to be suffering from some kind of disability or are struggling to be free. This applies even if they are struggling to be free from Britain's own rule; I am sure there can never have been an empire whose ultimate masters—by which I mean the electors, not their bureaucratic employees—were so sympathetic towards those who resented their rule; the speed with which the ordinary British people, after full electoral power was entrusted to them in 1918, proceeded to divest themselves, to their own economic detriment, of the vast Empire they had inherited from their aristocratic and upper-middle-class predecessors is one of the most astonishing phenomena in history. The cruel Empire of Rome took a thousand years to decline, but the British people, heroically victorious in two great wars, contrived to get rid of theirs in less than half a century. Without the slightest physical need for doing so—for a tithe of the courage, resolution and fortitude with which they defended them in war would have enabled them to hold them all without difficulty had they willed it—of the vast area of the world's surface they controlled in 1918 they gave away, in the course of thirty-five years, Egypt, Ireland, Irak, India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon, Palestine and the Sudan. It looks as though Malaya and the Gold Coast will soon follow.

The other day I watched the Queen of this kindly people, and of their Scottish, Welsh and Northern Irish compatriots, inspecting in Hyde Park 22,000 voluntary workers of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. It was an astonishing and deeply-moving spectacle. The whole of the vast open space on the western side of the Park was filled with contingents from every part of the British Isles. They were there, marshalled in voluntary obedience, to represent their fellow-workers both in this country and in the Commonwealth, and some of those on parade had come from the far ends of the earth. The vast majority, however, were from this country. They were all men and women who had dedicated themselves to giving part of their leisure to training themselves for and affording first-aid to the injured and to those of their fellow men and women in need of it. Their workers are to be seen, inconspicuous but unmistakable in their neat, unobtrusive black-and-white uniforms, at every great public occasion, ceremonial or recreational, ready to provide prompt and skilled service the moment it is called for, as invariably it is. They seem to get none of the fun and excitement and to

suffer all the inconvenience of these popular occasions. Yet always appear to be happy and glad to be using their leisure—of which they have as little presumably as other people—in this way.

Now, for once, they were the centre of a public ceremony themselves, though, as usual, there were little groups of men and women, not on parade but on duty—like Charles II's page, "never in the way and never out of it"—waiting to administer first-aid should it be needed. After the Queen's arrival she drove round the ranks in a Land-Rover, a slender and touchingly human figure as she stood, unaccompanied and erect, holding the rail of this small, bumping, swaying and rather unqueenly vehicle, while the band of one of her Guards' Regiments, magnificent in scarlet, gold and bearskins, played county-fair music. It took her Majesty a good half-hour to inspect all the contingents on parade. Recalling the manner in which the visiting Heads of an imperial Power, which is always protesting its democratic professions, travelled through London recently, racing down its streets at sixty miles an hour in closed and, presumably, bullet-proof cars, with hordes of screeching police motor-cycles preceding them, one could not help feeling proud of having such a Queen and of her instinctive trust of her people. As she drove



DOING HER SHOPPING ACCOMPANIED BY AN ARMED BRITISH SOLDIER: THE WIFE OF A BRITISH SERVICEMAN OUT SHOPPING IN SUNNY BUT TREACHEROUS NICOSIA.

Life for British Service personnel and their families in Cyprus is hazardous and unpleasant. Especially in Nicosia, where the Cypriot terrorists are constantly active, British families have to take precautions whenever they leave their homes. Often they can not leave their houses unless they are accompanied by an armed guard. Though this may seem thrilling to the little boy in the pram, it is obviously putting a heavy burden on his elders. On May 22 a British civilian was shot dead in a bar at Limassol. He was the thirty-fourth Briton to be killed in Cyprus since the Eoka terrorist organisation became active in April last year.

slowly up and down those long lines of uniformed men and women, one could sense what they felt about her and she about them. Afterwards they all marched past in salute, young and old, stout and thin, white and coloured, bound together in a noble human fellowship of kindness and service. They were three-quarters of an hour marching by, and behind that three-quarters-of-an-hour's ceremonial marching lay countless hours of service, devotion and selfless care for others. There are more than 127,000 St. John Ambulance Brigade workers and cadets in the British Isles and another 80,000 in the Commonwealth, and among their duties, in addition to the familiar attendance at important public gatherings to render first-aid, are voluntary nursing assistance in hospitals, duty at Child Welfare Centres and Day and Residential Nurseries, blood-transfusion and escort duty, Old People's Welfare Work, attendances at Camps and Beach Huts, and the staffing of Medical Comforts Depots. Together with the public and voluntary services given by the St. John Ambulance Association—a sister-body for promoting general knowledge of first-aid and home nursing, hygiene and child welfare—and the departments of the British Red Cross Society and of the Joint Committee which co-ordinates the common activities of the two great voluntary and charitable organisations, it all represents an immense volume of human kindness and unselfishness, canalised through disciplined corporate institutions, dedicated in the words of the Statutes of the Grand Priory in the British Realm of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem to "the encouragement and promotion of all works of humanity and charity for the relief of persons in sickness, distress, suffering and danger, without distinction of race, class, or creed, and the extension of the great principle of the Order, embodied in the motto, "*Pro utilitate hominum.*"

* "A Few Late Chrysanthemums." By John Betjeman. (John Murray, page 26.)

CONTINUED TENSION IN CYPRUS: SERIOUS BOMB INCIDENTS IN NICOSIA.



A SERIOUS INCIDENT STARTED IN NICOSIA ON MAY 21 BY SCHOOLGIRLS: BRITISH TROOPS RUNNING TO A SIDE STREET WHERE GRENADES HAD BEEN THROWN.



CLUTCHING THE GREEK FLAG WHICH BRITISH TROOPS HAD TRIED TO WREST FROM THEM: SOME OF THE GIRLS INVOLVED IN THE INCIDENT ON MAY 21.



THE WOUNDED DRIVER STAGGERS AWAY FROM ONE OF THE VEHICLES AT WHICH A BOMB HAD BEEN THROWN ON MAY 21. ONE BRITISH SOLDIER WAS KILLED.



THE SAME INCIDENT IN NICOSIA: TROOPS MAKING SAFE THEIR LAND-ROVER AFTER IT HAD BEEN HIT BY A HOME-MADE BOMB.



SEARCHING FOR TERRORISTS IN NICOSIA: A HELICOPTER FLIES LOW OVER THE ROOF-TOPS DURING THE BOMB-THROWING INCIDENTS ON MAY 21.



DISCOVERED HIDDEN IN A SHOPPING-BAG: AN 8-IN. CONJUNCTION WATER PIPE MADE BY CYPRIOT TERRORISTS INTO A BOMB.

What started as a small demonstration by schoolgirls in the streets of Nicosia turned into serious incidents on May 21. Police and troops had arrived in cars to disperse a procession of schoolgirls and youths in the centre of the city when bombs and grenades were thrown at vehicles and troops from balconies or roof-tops. One British soldier was killed and among the twelve injured there were three soldiers and two policemen. After these incidents a curfew was imposed on a section of the Greek quarter in Nicosia. On

the next day a British civilian was shot dead and another was seriously wounded in a bar in Limassol. On May 23 a Turkish policeman was shot dead by two gunmen in the village of Polis, on the north coast of the island. This incident was followed by Turkish rioting in several centres. The death of another Turkish policeman on May 27 was followed by further serious clashes between Greeks and Turks near Nicosia, in which two people were killed. Several Greek-owned premises in Nicosia were set on fire.

THE last week of May was marked by widespread outbreaks of heath, plantation and grassland fires in many parts of England and Wales; and the exceptional drought of the month helped the rapid spread of the outbreaks. On May 23 there were fires in Surrey, Kent, Lincolnshire and Somerset. Of these the worst were those at Crowle, Lincolnshire; Minehead, Somerset, and Hurtwood Common, Surrey. The fire at Crowle Moor was a peatland fire which covered 20 square miles and threatened to surround a cottage, which was evacuated. This fire was fought by fire brigades from Lincolnshire and the West Riding and eventually affected about 35 square miles, with the peat burning deep down. A 6-mile damp belt was made to protect some houses and the situation was brought under general control. At Minehead the fire was among woodland and was fought by nine Somerset fire brigades; 300 acres of pine plantations were burnt. At Hurtwood Common, thirteen Surrey brigades and about 100 troops fought a fire which threatened Holmbury St. Mary and destroyed about two square miles of heathland. On May 24 there were fires at Pirbright, Wisley and Castle Eden, in Durham, among other places. On May 25 there were further outbreaks in Kent and Surrey;

(RIGHT.) WHERE A HEATH FIRE DESTROYED TWO SQUARE MILES AND THREATENED THE SURREY BEAUTY SPOT OF HOLMBURY ST. MARY: THE HURTWOOD COMMON FIRE FROM THE AIR.



A PEATLAND FIRE NEAR CROWLE, LINCOLNSHIRE, WHICH AFFECTED AN AREA OF 35 SQUARE MILES. AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE FIRE'S STEADY ADVANCE.



(ABOVE.) THE 2000-ACRE HEATH FIRE IN DORSET WHICH CUT SEVERAL ROADS, TEMPORARILY ISOLATED WAREHAM, AND THREATENED A MANSION AND SEVERAL CARAVANS.

(Continued.) and, in fact, it was announced that between May 13 and early on May 25 Kent fire brigades attended 223 grass fires and 29 woodland fires, while Surrey brigades during a similar period were called to 535 common and grass fires. On May 27 there were a number of major outbreaks. On the Brecon Beacons, in South Wales, about 20 square miles was burnt and thousands of fir trees were damaged; and fire brigades from Merthyr, Breconshire and Glamorgan were called on. There was a large outbreak on the bird sanctuary of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds at Minster, on the Suffolk coast, involving about 6 square miles. Fire also swept over a large area of Backbury Hill, in Herefordshire; and there were other fires at Cannock Chase, Staffordshire; Broxbourne, Herts, and Rowberrow Forest, in Somerset. One of the severest, however, of this particular day was that near Wareham, in Dorset. This fire swept across 4 miles of Forestry Commission heathland in the "Hardy country" and in all about 2000 acres were burnt and blackened as the flames, fanned by a high wind, ran round two sides of the town. The main road to Poole and other roads were cut, and at one time Wareham appeared to be almost isolated. The firefighters, who included 100 firemen and 400 troops, were handicapped by shortage of water.



TROOPS AND FIREMEN FIGHTING THE WAREHAM FLAMES AMONG THE BLAZING CONIFERS OF THE PLANTATIONS.

BLAZING HEATH, WOODLAND AND PEAT MOOR: DRAMATIC SCENES FROM A

NUMBER OF SERIOUS FIRE OUTBREAKS DURING THE LAST WEEK OF MAY.

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES: SOME ROYAL OCCASIONS; AND THE "SUMMER EIGHTS."



AT WOLVERHAMPTON: PRINCESS MARGARET TAKING THE SALUTE AT A MARCH-PAST OF THE GIRL GUIDES AND BROWNIES OF STAFFORDSHIRE ON DUNSTALL PARK RACECOURSE ON MAY 26.



IN UNIFORM AS THE CHIEF RANGER OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE: PRINCESS MARGARET SPEAKING TO GIRL GUIDES AND BROWNIES OF THE STAFFORDSHIRE AREA AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

On May 26 Princess Margaret flew from London Airport to High Ercall Airfield in an aircraft of the Queen's Flight to attend a rally of 8,000 Girl Guides and Brownies of Staffordshire at Dunstall Park Racecourse, Wolverhampton. Princess Margaret has always shown a keen interest in the Girl Guides Association and started her membership as a Brownie in 1937 and later became a Guide and a Sea Ranger. With the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, she once attended a week's seamanship training course in the Association's training ship, M.T.B. 630, on the River Dart.

(RIGHT.) ROWING PAST THE COLLEGE BARGES WHICH ARE DOOMED TO DISAPPEAR FROM THE OXFORD SCENE: THE BALLIOL CREW WHICH REMAINED HEAD OF THE RIVER.

All those who enjoyed Eights Week at Oxford must have felt a tinge of melancholy as they looked at the barges just below Folly Bridge which for generations have formed the headquarters of the rowing clubs of the various colleges, for the barges are to be removed and replaced by boat-houses. On the whole, the weather during Eights Week (now reduced from six to four days) was good, the racing was excellent, and Balliol handsomely retained the headship of the river.

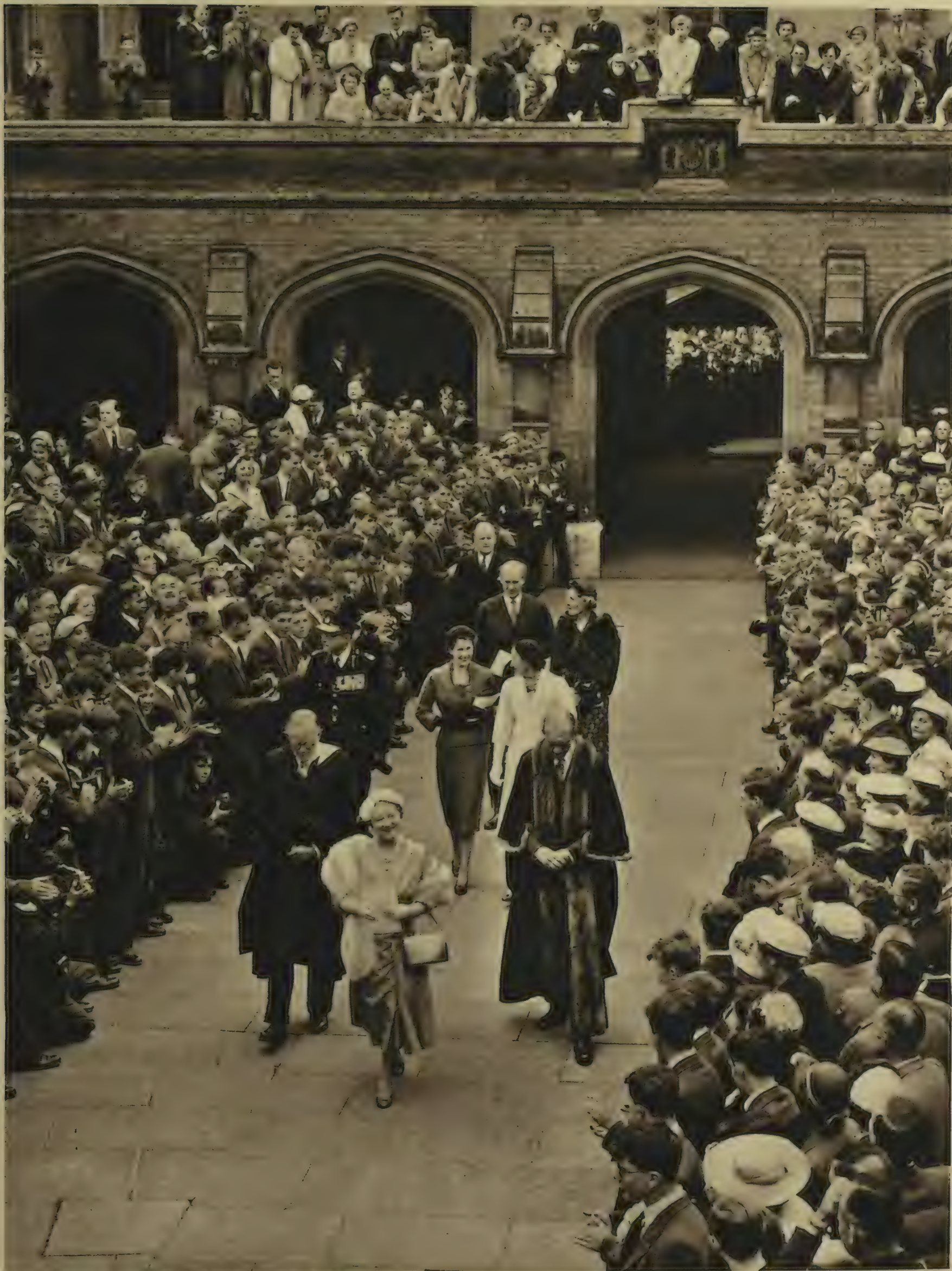


THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN: HER MAJESTY SMILINGLY LOOKS ON AS BRIGADIER M. ALI BEG LEADS THE CHEERS AT WINDSOR.

After her return from Balmoral on May 27 the Queen went to Windsor, where she watched the Duke of Edinburgh play polo for Windsor Park in their challenge match with Cowdray Park at Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park. After the Queen had presented a cup to



THIS WAY AND THAT WAY: TWO OF THE ROYAL CORGIS, ON LEADS HELD BY PRINCESS MARGARET, DECIDE TO MOVE OFF IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. Brigadier M. Ali Beg, of Pakistan, who captained the winning Cowdray Park team, he called for "three cheers" for her Majesty. Princess Margaret also watched the match and can be seen (above) with two of the Royal corgis.



THE QUEEN MOTHER AT OUNDLE SCHOOL: HER MAJESTY LEAVING THE CLOISTERS ON HER WAY TO THE PARISH CHURCH.

On Saturday, May 26, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attended the quatercentenary celebrations at Oundle School. She was accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with whom she was spending the weekend at nearby Barnwell Manor. After attending a service in Oundle parish church, the Queen Mother visited Laxton School, the original foundation. In the afternoon her Majesty was present in the school chapel when the new chancel windows were dedicated by the Bishop of Fulham, the Right Rev.

R. W. Stopford, a former housemaster at Oundle. A large crowd of Old Oundelians and others later watched the Queen Mother opening a new school pavilion. This photograph, taken shortly after the Queen Mother's arrival at the school, shows her Majesty leaving the cloisters on her way to the parish church. She is accompanied by the headmaster (left), Mr. G. H. Stainforth, and the Master of the Grocers' Company, Mr. A. D. B. Pearson (right). Four pages of photographs of Oundle School appeared in our last issue.

A FINE SOLDIER WHOSE "LAURELS ARE GREEN."

"SOLDIER'S GLORY. Being 'Rough Notes of an Old Soldier.'" By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE BELL.
Arranged and edited by his kinsman, BRIAN STUART.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

FROM time to time "new" records of the Peninsular and Crimean Wars come to light, and very graphic and full of character most of them have been, whether written by officers or Other Ranks. But here is a book, perhaps the best of all these personal narratives (the massive histories of Napier and Kinglake are in another category), which was published nearly a century ago and has strangely been allowed to lapse into oblivion. I suppose there may be veterans in the Service Clubs and odd collectors elsewhere who know and cherish the original edition. But I must frankly confess that I myself have never, until now, ever heard of the book or (so far as my memory goes) of its author.

It may be that the work was handicapped by its modest title and its forbidding, if not immoderate, length. "Rough Notes" certainly does not indicate either the form or the quality of the story. And the sight of two massive volumes of "Rough Notes" might well daunt all save the boldest and most omnivorous. That seems to be the opinion of the present editor. He has drastically reduced it, retaining all the outstanding parts, and summarising the rest in linking up passages. Even at that the book we are now offered contains 130,000 words.

Bell left his home in Northern Ireland in 1811 when he was seventeen and joined the depot of the 34th Regt. at Beverley, in Yorks. Thereafter he kept a journal until he retired. When circumstances permitted and there were interesting things to record—it may be added that he was interested in almost everything—his entries were long. In periods of stagnation they were briefer. When, for instance, our fine but brutally neglected army was tethered outside Varna and dying like flies the diary runs like this:

24th. Cholera making great strides towards us, and Varna so filthy inside and out. I fear the plague will gain upon us if the wise men will persist on our retaining the infectious ground—it really looks like Pharaoh contending against the Lord.

26th. The cholera has got loose indeed among the troops, and when or where will it end?—stopped too long on the Devna Lake. Hear firing in the distance.

27th. Cholera increasing, and men dying fast. Every case taken in at the General Hospital in Varna has gone to the grave; fifteen dead last two nights. The old pensioners sent out with the ambulance waggons are dropping off fast. I expect they will all be buried at Varna. Worn out before coming here, they get drunk when they can, and die like dogs.

Yet even in those days of inaction, despondency, disease and death there was room for the little human touches which permeate his whole work. The end of that entry for the 24th is: "Some kind friend sent me a present of a goose last week, but his domestic habits have preserved his life so far. He walks into the tent with such confidence, asking in his own gabble for his rations and water, talks to me as well as he can, and I assure him I will never pick his bones were he as fat as the Durham ox." When he wrote that, it may be added, it was almost fifty-fifty that he himself would be stricken with the plague next day.

Those are examples of the "Rough Notes." But when it comes to great actions or exciting and amusing journeys, Bell uses his diary as raw material and gives us long and consecutive narratives. Some of these are superb: all are intensely interesting. Sir Arthur Bryant, who does not easily throw such superlatives about, calls Bell "a

brilliant writer," and says of him that his description of the assault on Badajos, where Bell was as an ensign of eighteen, was unrivalled by Napier. He quotes: "Let anyone picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in a space of less than a hundred yards square. Let him consider that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water, some crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fierce explosions, that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and that the town was won at last. Let any man consider this, and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power." But that extract is not quite representative. It does show his tremendous pride in the guts and devotion of Wellington's men, who all rightly trusted their commander. But he is as graphic as any novelist might have been about the details of the attack himself, and truthful and shocked by the sack and excesses which followed the capture, and to which Wellington put an end by measures which, at the moment, it seems, would not be approved by a small majority of the House of Commons.

Bell had no influence or private means; he was retired after the Peninsular Campaign on 4s. a day. Eleven years afterwards "through the kind offices of that friend to all good soldiers, the Duke of York," he was gazetted to a regiment of the line. He went to India, to the first Burmese War, to Canada (where there was a French rebellion), to the West Indies (where the humming-birds flew in and out of his house and he called them "little darlings") and to Corfu, where, *faute de mieux*, he took his men on archaeological trips, and lectured them about Ancient Greece—without, I conceive, introducing politics or "ideology," as seems to be the modern mode. His last active service was in the Crimea, where he suffered atrociously like the rest. All Crimean diaries are full of "Soldier's Glory" (Bell hated slaughter, looting and devastation as do all good British soldiers): it is really appalling, after a hundred years, to read a new account of the dreadful tribulations which our troops underwent outside Sebastopol. Bell shared his hardships with the troops, and, on occasion, his rum with wounded Russian privates: "poor fellows" to him, like our own "poor fellows," who do not even now, when they have votes, run the affairs of the world, which are usually (except here) in the hands of ambitious men who can boss or delude the masses of the ignorant.

He was a first-class soldier, the nicest and the kindest of men. He grumbles very little; he takes his hat off to Lord Raglan, Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, both as a general and as a man. He is very fair-minded: there was a moment when he was superseded in the command of his Brigade by a Guardee who was much younger than himself, and had seen no active service. Instead of saying that the man who had been put above him was no good, he says that he was a brave and efficient officer. A wound brought Bell home. He retired and became a major-general. He ought to have been a field marshal.

He loathed killing; he loathed the devastation of invaded lands (which he had seen done by both ourselves and the French in the Peninsula, though we paid for damage and the Utopian French didn't) even in Gallipoli, where our manoeuvres levelled all the ripe wheatfields. None of his criticisms of what was going on prevented him from doing his duty. But, in his private mind, he certainly criticised; and, most of all, Westminster and Whitehall. The soldiers, he thought, were dying, because of the Civil Servants and the Politicians. And he cheered Florence Nightingale, who did her best to look after the evacuated wrecks.

It's not very agreeable reading. Nor would be the record of a man who had gone through the Somme and Passchendaele. But it is a classic all the same.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 662 of this issue.



THE HERO OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SIR GEORGE BELL, IN 1855.

Sir George Bell was born in 1794 and he died in 1877. In 1811, when he was seventeen, he left his parents' home on the banks of Lough Erin "to be Ensign in the 34th Regiment of Foot." Thereafter he kept a journal until he retired. His last active service was in the Crimea, "where he suffered atrociously like the rest." In his introduction to this book Sir Arthur Bryant writes: "George Bell was not only a fine soldier... he was also a brilliant writer."

THE QUEEN'S MILITARY UNIFORM—A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S "NEW MILITARY COSTUME" FOR HER VISIT TO THE TROOPS AT ALDERSHOT AFTER THE CRIMEAN WAR: AN ENGRAVING OF GREAT TOPICAL INTEREST IN CONNECTION WITH THIS YEAR'S TROOPING THE COLOUR.

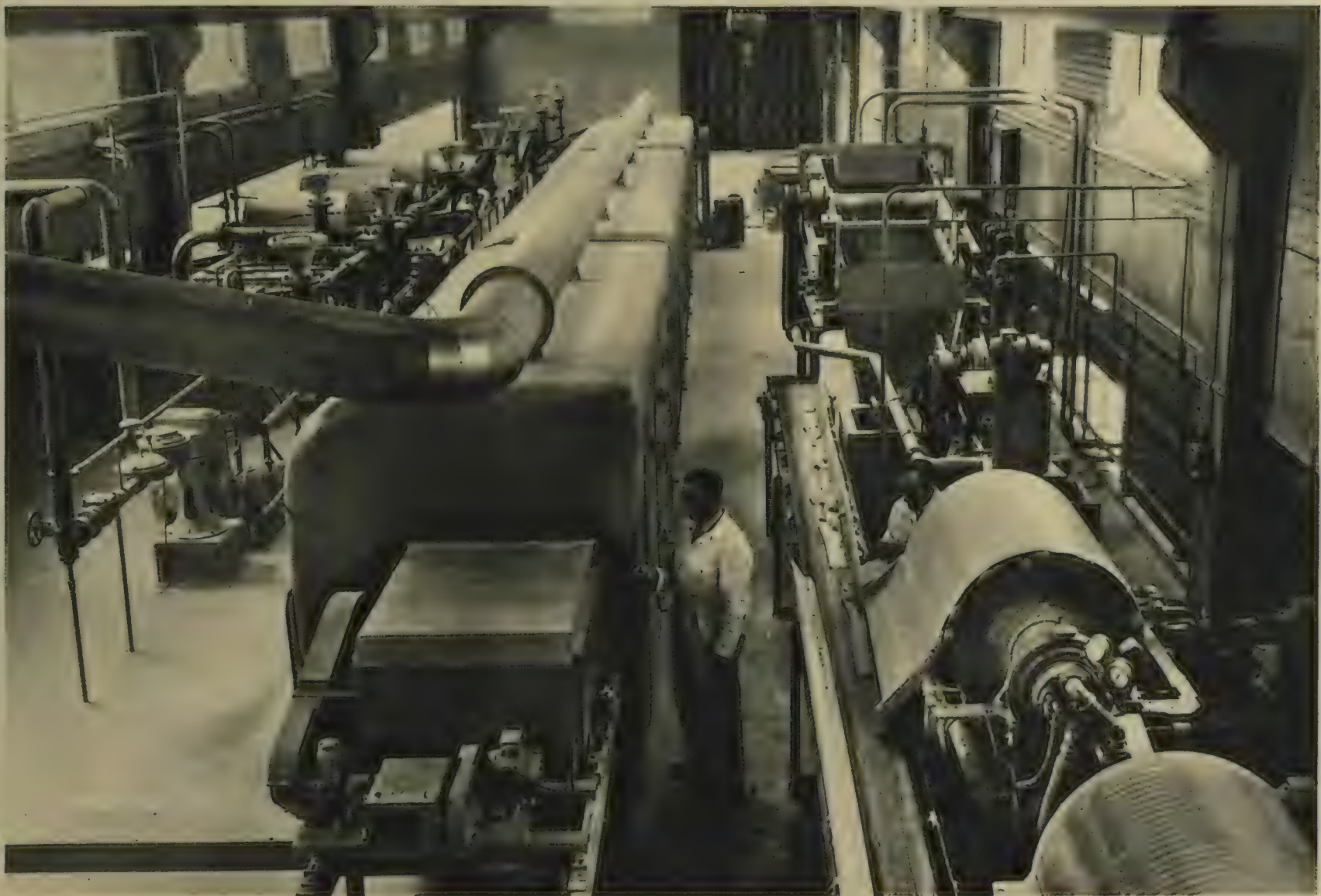
Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News" of August 16, 1856.

In our issue of July 19, 1856, we reported the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to her troops after the Crimean War and the address she made them, "delivered with that propriety of emphasis and that silvery sweetness of intonation for which she is so remarkable"; and in our August 16 issue following we gave the engraving reproduced above and described the Queen's new military costume in the following detail: "The habit was of the finest scarlet cloth; the ornaments on the collar beautifully embroidered in gold and silver, the device the same as a Field Marshal's. Across the left shoulder the blue ribbon of the Garter; a brilliant star upon the left breast; and a crimson and gold net sash, terminated with gold bullion tassels. The hat was of a light black felt, with a round crown, and of graceful design, having a general officer's plume of white and red feathers, and a cord of crimson and gold thrice round the crown, ending with two handsome gold and crimson bullion tassels."

* "Soldier's Glory. Being 'Rough Notes of an Old Soldier.'" By Major-General Sir George Bell. Arranged and edited by his kinsman, Brian Stuart; with a Foreword by Sir Arthur Bryant. Portrait and Maps. (G. Bell and Sons, Ltd.; 21s.)



MEN AT WORK: TWO OF THE STAFF STAND BY AS THE MACHINES CARRY OUT THE CONTINUOUS AUTOMATICALLY-CONTROLLED PROCESSES.



SUPERVISORS IN SPOTLESS WHITE OVERALLS: TWO OPERATIVES INSPECT SAMPLES AND DIALS AND WAIT FOR SOMETHING TO GO WRONG.

A TOPICAL EXAMPLE OF AUTOMATION: A LARGE NEW FACTORY RUN BY A SHIFT OF FIVE MEN.

A large new factory was opened in the Midlands recently by the firm Micafine Ltd., who manufacture mica powder. The factory is run by only five men. Previously seventy people produced 1200 tons a year. Now, fifteen people—three shifts of five—produce 2000 tons annually—an eight-fold increase in productivity. The problem of redundant workers

was solved by means of giving long notice, so that those redundant had at least six months in which to find work elsewhere. A peaceful transition, with the agreement of the trade union, was thus effected. Mica powder is used for various purposes, including the manufacture of wall-paper and of electrical appliances.

INSIDE "THE WORLD'S GREATEST MARQUEE": GOLD-MEDAL EXHIBITS.



A GOLD-MEDAL-WINNING EXHIBIT OF RHODODENDRONS AND AZALEAS, FROM EXBURY, STAGED BY MR. E. L. DE ROTHSCHILD (GARDENER, MR. F. WYNNIATT).



THE EXHIBIT OF SUTTONS, WHO ARE CELEBRATING THEIR 150TH ANNIVERSARY: A GOLD-MEDAL-WINNING DISPLAY OF ANNUALS FROM SEED.



SOME OF THE MAGNIFICENT DELPHINIUMS AND RUSSELL LUPINS IN THE DISPLAY OF BAKERS' NURSERIES, WHICH WON A GOLD MEDAL.



PEAKS OF SCHIZANTHUS AND A GLADE OF LUSCIOUS GLOXINIAS: PART OF THE EXHIBIT BY CARTERS TESTED SEEDS—WHICH WON A GOLD MEDAL.



A GOLD-MEDAL-WINNING EXHIBIT OF SWEET PEAS STAGED BY ROBERT BOLTON AND SON. AMONG THE NOVELTIES THEY SHOWED WERE "EROS," "MARY MALCOLM" AND "JUPITER."



ONE OF THE FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS. THIS WAS MADE BY MRS. THOYTS, OF UPWAY, DORSET.

At this year's Chelsea Show what is confidently claimed as the world's largest marquee proved inadequate to house all the exhibits, and an extra marquee was erected a little distance away to house the flower arrangement exhibits. On this page we show a few gold-medal-winning exhibits from the great marquee—a small sample from a wonderful display, which ranged from vegetables to orchids. Probably the particular glory of this year's show was the rhododendrons and azaleas—which were especially

shown in the exhibits from Windsor Great Park, from the Wisley Gardens of the R.H.S., and from Mr. L. de Rothschild's great garden at Exbury. There were many interesting exhibits of house and stove plants, among which may be mentioned Mr. Maurice Mason's "Tropical Garden," with its host of bromeliads; and in a different manner the cactus and succulent exhibit of Worfield Gardens, one end of which was what might be described as a "cactus swamp," with a great show of flowering epiphyllums.



ONE OF THE GOLD-MEDAL ROCK GARDENS IN THAT MOST POPULAR FEATURE OF THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW—THE ROCK GARDEN BANK: THE HORNTON STONE EXHIBIT STAGED BY GAVIN JONES NURSERIES LTD.

The Royal Horticultural Society's Chelsea Flower Show, which opened to the Fellows on May 22, and to the public on the following day, was unusually fortunate in its weather, all four days being marked by brilliant sunshine tempered with a cool breeze. The balance in the outdoor garden exhibits had altered from last year's in favour of the rock gardens as against the formal gardens. This year there were only two formal gardens, both in excellent restrained taste; whereas there were five rock garden banks, three of which won Gold Medals—that which we illustrate (by Gavin Jones

Nurseries Ltd.); that of Mr. George G. Whitelegg; and that of Old Welwyn Gardens. There must always be a temptation to plant every available flower in these exhibits, and in some of these gardens this temptation was very considerably resisted. Also outside the marquees were the many stalls of exhibitors of garden equipment, machinery, gadgets and the like, together with the special displays of specialist societies and garden publications. These stalls appeared to be attracting almost as large crowds as the flower exhibits. A new feature was a marquee devoted to flower arrangements.

THE negotiations on disarmament in London have gone badly. This was unhappy news, especially in view of the fact that the United States representative, Mr. Stassen, had displayed an optimism greater than this thorny subject had aroused anywhere for a long time. However, hardly had the unfavourable report sunk in than it was learnt that the Soviet Union not only intended to review the negotiations but had decided to reduce the strength of the Russian armed forces by 1,200,000 men. A little later came a statement to the Appropriations Committee of the United States Senate that the strength of the American Army would be reduced in the fiscal year beginning next month by about 5 per cent. The reduction, it was said, would leave the Army at an average strength of 1,034,100 in the course of that year.

This was followed by a statement concerned with conscription in the United Kingdom. It was a minor matter only, but then a considerable reduction by means of delaying the call-up had been undertaken not much more than six months earlier. The new step announced was the future exemption from the call-up of men included in the medical category known as Grade 3. The numbers are small, about 10,000 in the Army and 3,000 in the Royal Air Force. In any case, the exemption of these men will not lead to any further

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE PROSPECTS OF DISARMAMENT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

seems to be moving on roughly the following lines. Nuclear weapons have brought into being the principle of equilibrium. By that is meant the fact, or assumption, that, without counting bombs in store or the aircraft which can deliver them, it may be taken for granted that both sides are capable of virtually destroying each other. From recognition of this state of affairs has sprung determination to avoid a great war at almost any cost. On the other hand, the cold war has not come to an end. The combatants in this war, and especially the leaders of the Soviet Union, which has always been the aggressor in it, in planning how to do most damage to their foes, have also to consider how far the forces which they assembled for the needs of a different kind of war are now suitable or necessary.

Surely the explanation becomes plain against such a background. If the equilibrium of which I have spoken has gone far to remove the risk of war in the near future, then the so-called "conventional" army of the Soviet Union seems

costs in Western Germany if that country refuses to contribute to the upkeep of our forces there.

On the other hand, the presence of American and British conventional forces on the European continent has exercised an important moral effect on the Continental peoples and any sharp reduction in their strength would be

taken as a sign that we and the Americans were taking less interest in the safety of these peoples. The British Government gave a pledge to France that these British forces in Continental Europe would be maintained at a certain strength, and even such reductions in national service as we have so far committed ourselves to will make that more difficult. Though there has been an increase in voluntary recruiting for the regular forces, it is too early to decide whether this will be big enough to make it safe to cut national service more sharply. In any case, the effect of the recent increases in pay will not last unless we succeed in curbing inflation.

Again, were the Soviet, United States, and British Armies to be reduced to skeletons, the effect might be to produce the impression that the hydrogen-bomb was the only means of settling a dispute. In theory, such a step would not make war more probable; in practice, it might revive the fear which has so long overhung the world and has recently been mitigated. We are in search



A BRILLIANT "CHELSEA" IN BRILLIANT WEATHER: CROWDS OF FELLOWS ADMIRING THE ROCK GARDEN EXHIBITS ON THE OPENING DAY.

The world's most famous flower show, the Royal Horticultural Society's Chelsea Show, opened to the Fellows on the Tuesday after Whit Monday, and to the public on the three days following. It was the largest ever organised by the R.H.S. in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and in many ways the finest. It was certainly exceptionally fortunate

in its weather. During the morning of May 22 it was visited by the Queen Mother, who, escorted by her brother, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, the President of the Royal Horticultural Society, spent several hours looking at the exhibits. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, also visited the Show on this morning. Some pictures of some exhibits appear on pp. 638-639.

reduction in the strength of the armed forces beyond that announced last autumn because enough men are available to meet present requirements without calling on Grade 3 men.

These decisions have caused a lot of debate and some confident prophecies that more important measures will follow. In one quarter, for instance, it has been stated that there is sure to be a cut of six months in British national service, on the demand of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Various interpretations of the reduction in Russia, which is not the first to be announced since the death of Stalin, have appeared. It has long appeared to Westerners, judging merely by the relation of the total population to the strength of the Soviet armed forces, that Russian economy must have been put out of balance by the military demands on man-power, and that even from the military point of view it seemed doubtful whether the enormous figure of the man-power budget really represented an asset. On this ground alone the reduction in numbers announced in May is not surprising.

This time, however, it seems likely that such considerations are only one factor in the decision. Military thought, irrespective of nationality, now

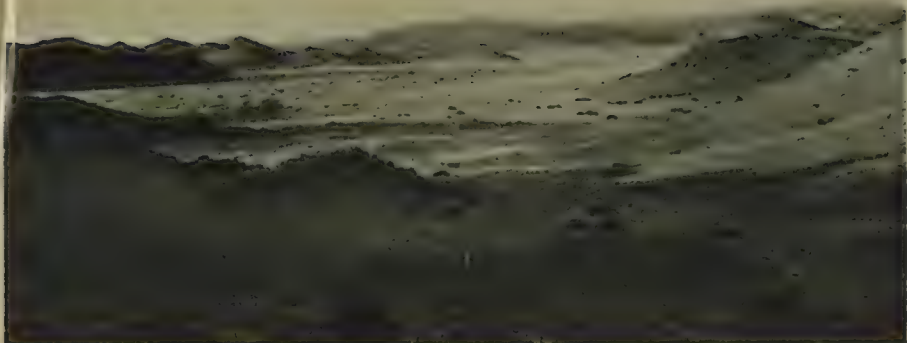
altogether excessive in strength in relation to its functions. In fighting strength it is roughly ten times that of the United States Army. It is also about ten times the strength of the N.A.T.O. armies in Western Europe. Of course it may be argued that a war with nuclear weapons barred is a possibility, and I would agree that this should at least be taken into account. Even so, Russia could afford to economise on land forces. She can probably make herself more formidable in the long run by putting over another million men into industry or agriculture.

Turning our eyes to the United States and the United Kingdom, it is not so easy to sum up the situation. At first sight we might conclude that, since their conventional forces are trifling in strength beside those of Soviet Russia, there was no reason to reduce them. We have also to remember, however, that, man for man and unit for unit, American expenditure is immeasurably higher than that of Russia, and British considerably so. I have lost my reference at the moment of writing, but so far as I recall an American armoured division costs at least ten times as much as a Russian and a British about four times as much. We shall be faced with much increased

of military realism, and in that search all factors, moral and material, have to be included. The military spokesman who informed the Appropriations Committee of the United States Senate of the coming reductions also stated that the significance of the Russian reductions would be investigated scientifically. It is right that this should be done, and as thoroughly as possible.

Further measures of parallel disarmament in the two camps are desirable. Disarmament on the side of the free world only would be perilous. At present, affairs are shaping well. They are as yet, however, not clear enough to justify impatience with the burdens of defence or any rushing of the business of lightening them. As for the argument that Mr. Macmillan is insisting on a cut in national service simply because he finds he cannot fulfil his pledge to reduce Government expenditure by £100,000,000 otherwise, I find this hard to believe. It may be improper to make speculative prophecies on a subject so vital. I shall, however, go so far as to say that I think we may well be at the start of a period of gradual and unobtrusive disarmament. Let us hope that those in whose hands action lies will be granted clear vision, wisdom and, not least, prudence.

LOCUSTS IN SAUDI ARABIA: BRITISH CONTROL EXPERTS EXPELLED.



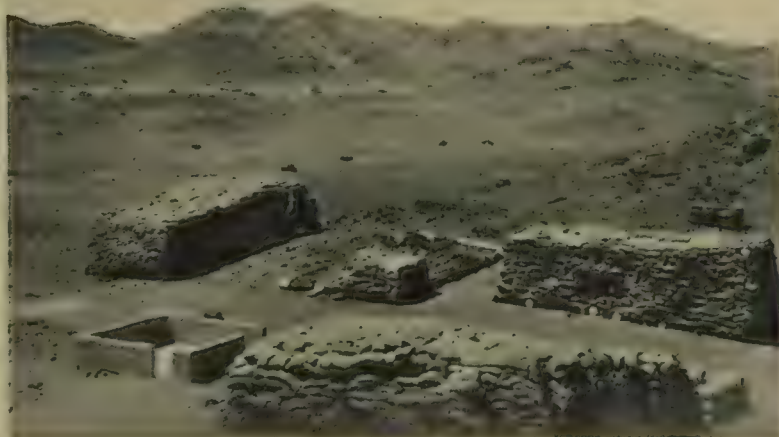
WHERE LOCUSTS MAY NOW BE SWARMING UNMOLESTED: TYPICAL LOCUST COUNTRY IN SAUDI ARABIA. THE BRITISH DESERT LOCUST CONTROL TEAM WAS EXPELLED ON MAY 1.



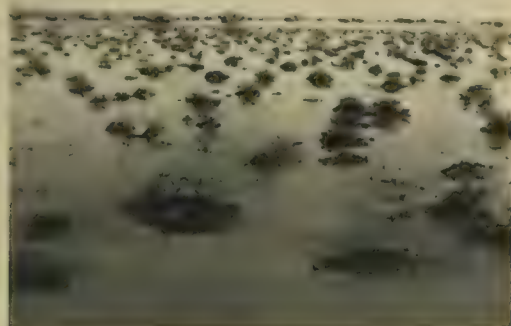
THE DESERT LOCUST CONTROL BASE AT BURAIMAN, 18 MILES NORTH OF JEDDAH: THE MAIN BASE OF THE BRITISH DESERT LOCUST CONTROL ORGANISATION WHICH HAS NOW BEEN DISPERSED.



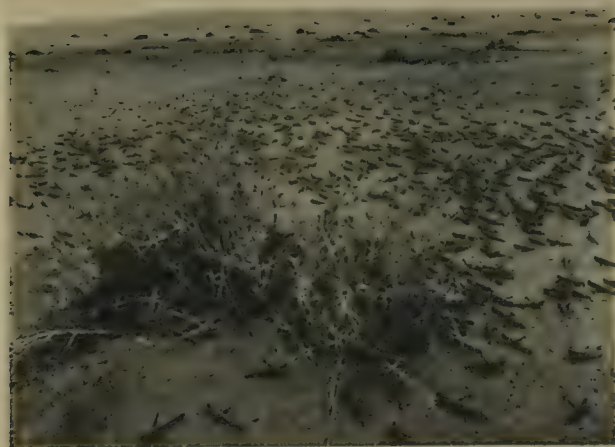
A FAVOURITE BREEDING AREA OF THE DESERT LOCUST: WILD FLOWERS GROWING IN THE GREAT NAFUD SAND MASS.



AN EFFECTIVE BAIT FOR YOUNG LOCUSTS: STACKS OF BRAN WHICH IS MIXED WITH ABOUT 3 PER CENT. OF INSECTICIDE.



THE DESERT AFTER HEAVY RAINS: WHEN THE WATERS SUBSIDE THE CONDITIONS WILL BE PERFECT FOR LOCUST EGG DEPOSITS.



WHAT THE BRITISH LOCUST CONTROL ORGANISATION WAS OUT TO EXTERMINATE: PART OF A FEEDING LOCUST SWARM IN SAUDI ARABIA.



ADULT LOCUSTS FEEDING ON DESERT SCRUB: ONCE A SWARM OF LOCUSTS HAS SETTLED THE VEGETATION IN THE AREA IS RAPIDLY DESTROYED.



PARTS OF A SETTLED SWARM OF LOCUSTS: SUCH SWARMS ARE BEST DEALT WITH IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING.

Since 1950 a unit of the British Desert Locust Control Organisation has been operating in Saudi Arabia, under the administration of the East Africa High Commission. It was one of a number of units forming the Desert Locust Control Organisation, which has its headquarters in Nairobi. In sending us these photographs, Mr. A. Drummond, who was for five-and-a-half years a member of the Desert Locust Control Team in Saudi Arabia, wrote: "The sudden and arbitrary expulsion of the British Desert Locust Control Organisation from Saudi Arabia, as from May 1, has come as a surprise, and something of a shock, to its members in Jeddah." Mr. Drummond goes

on to say that personal relations between British members and the local inhabitants have lately been as cordial as they had always been. Saudi Arabia is known to be one of the main breeding-grounds of the desert locust, and with the removal of the British control experts a valuable link in the chain of teams stretching from India and Pakistan to East Africa has been removed. It is thought unlikely that the Saudi Arabians will themselves be able to do the work at all efficiently. It is very probable that this drastic step on the part of Saudi Arabia will greatly hinder the control of this dreaded pest, which is a continued threat to grain crops in the area.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



NEST-BUILDING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A FRIEND told me, a short while ago, of a blackbird's persistence in nest-building. One day, on opening the doors of her garage, she received a shower of litter down the back of her neck. A blackbird had nested just above the door in such a position that the opening of the door dislodged materials from the underside of the nest. After several repetitions of this she decided it was not possible for it to continue, much as she disliked disturbing the natural course of events. She also decided it would probably be kinder to allow the bird to finish the nest, that if she then removed it the blackbird would go elsewhere to build, as normally happens if the first nest is destroyed. The nest was eventually pulled out, but within a matter of a few days the cock blackbird, with the hen dancing attendance on him, had started another. To cut the story short, the blackbird built seven successive nests in the same position.

It might be argued that if the owner of the garage had been fair she would have left the door of the garage open until the brood had been brought off successfully and the nest abandoned. There are obvious objections to this. The next question, therefore, is: how far the loss of the nest was a disadvantage to the bird building it. On this point we may recall other incidents which may help us to form a reasonable opinion.

There is the well-known habit of the cock wren which builds anything up to a dozen different nests on various sites, the hen selecting one only, which she then lines and in which she lays her eggs. Even after she has laid and is incubating, the cock will continue to make the redundant nests. In this instance we have what looks like a mania for nest-building and a mania for collecting materials, which is limited only by the time of the nesting season. It seems also that in other species there is either a habitual obsession for collecting nesting materials, or an ability to go on collecting in an abnormal or extravagant manner, over and above the usual requirements for a nest. In some instances this extravagance has the appearance almost of a reasoned behaviour, and here I am thinking of the many stories of jackdaws.

In some old buildings the chimneys are wide and deep. Where these are unoccupied jackdaws have been known to build a nest in the chimney. They drop sticks down the chimney-stack, and continue collecting sticks and dumping them in this manner until the pile has reached a sufficient height and the nest can be built somewhere near the exit of the chimney. It looks as if the jackdaws know that to build the nest in a position convenient to themselves, to the incubating, to the feeding of the chicks and to the final emergence of the chicks, it is necessary to collect enough material to build a platform on which the nest shall be laid. It is probably more reasonable to interpret this as an instinct to build, which is carried on until such time as circumstances give the birds the impulse to finish off the nest. We find, for example, that if jackdaws build in a hollow tree, with the entrance hole in the upper part of the hollow, they will similarly fill the cavity with sticks until they are able to site the nest at a convenient level in relation to the exit hole. Where

a nest has been built in a deep and wide chimney—sometimes it is in a staircase in an unoccupied house—the quantity of sticks finally removed amounts to a fair-sized cartload, representing an enormous labour on the part of the birds in their collecting.

By a coincidence, and while this story of the repeated building by a blackbird was fresh in mind, I met my colleague, Mr. Neave Parker, who produced a similar story. He noticed the floor of

arrange the material around itself to form the basis of the nest, but as often as it worked in this way the material would drop to the ground. Still the blackbird persisted and collected more and more material, so that as often as the material fell to the ground the bird would go out and collect more, continuing its fruitless actions. Neave Parker estimates that the quantity of material which must have dropped from the ledge on to the floor of the porch, had it all been collected, would have filled "half a fair-sized sack."

We can see in the second example something of the workings of a natural selection. A blackbird incapable of choosing its nest site to better advantage than the one in Neave Parker's porch has little chance of completing the nest or of bringing off a brood. If, therefore, there is anything in the hereditary passing on of abilities, blackbirds of such a feeble sense of discrimination will fail to perpetuate their line. So the incompetent ones will be selected out.

In the normal course of events a blackbird, or any other species, will build on a plan characteristic of its species. The blackbird will collect sufficient materials to form a cup of grass or other material in a fork in a tree or a bush. When the cup has reached proportions suitable to the size of the sitting bird, the stimulus comes to line the nest. Presumably the completion of the nest leads to mating and the laying of eggs, and the whole family life of that particular pair of birds is successfully completed in the normal way, each stage of the sequence touching off the next. A blackbird building on a ledge too small to take the nest appropriate to its size, will not reach the stage stimulating it to line the nest, and deadlock is reached.

Jackdaws continue accumulating nesting material until they have built a pedestal to hold the cup of the nest in the correct position, namely, giving easy access through the chimney or through the hole in the hollow trunk of a tree. Then the nest may be lined and mating takes place, and the whole course of events follow appropriately to the species.

With the blackbird building over the door of the garage, the removal of the nest presumably was just in time to prevent the mating and the subsequent laying of eggs. We can, therefore, assess how far the owner of the garage was justified in removing the nest. She was, in fact, merely doing to that pair of blackbirds what the cock blackbird in Neave Parker's porch was doing for himself, namely, postponing indefinitely the day when his mate would receive

the stimulus to lay and incubate. We can hardly regard the positioning of a nest over a garage as being in the nature of a natural selection, because in this case the circumstances were too artificial and are unlikely to be often repeated. The probability is that next year if this same pair of blackbirds is in the vicinity, it will, in the natural course of events, choose another site. In the case of the one that built in the porch, however, we have a natural incompetence which probably will not be remedied, except by the sheerest accident, however many years the blackbird chooses to lay.



WITH ITS TAIL FANNED OUT AS IT TOUCHES DOWN: THE BLACKBIRD IN THE ACT OF LANDING ON ITS PRECARIOUS NESTING LEDGE.



A BLACKBIRD TRYING TO BUILD A NEST ON A LEDGE FAR TOO SMALL TO TAKE IT. ALTHOUGH ATTEMPTING THE IMPOSSIBLE THE BIRD PERSISTED, CARRYING UP NESTING MATERIAL AND FETCHING MORE AS FAST AS THE PREVIOUS LOAD FELL TO THE GROUND.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

his porch littered with grass and leaves. As fast as the litter was either swept away, or blown about by the wind and partially dispersed, so it was continually renewed. He then found that in an angle of the porch overhead was a small ledge. On this a blackbird was endeavouring to build, the projection being too small to support the normal blackbird nest.

He watched the bird and saw that in order to perch on the projecting ledge it was compelled to squeeze itself into a corner and press its tail upwards against the wall. In this most inconvenient and awkward position it did its best to



(ABOVE.) AN ASPIRANT FOR THE "PAT THE WHALE" CLUB: METEOROLOGIST A. F. LEWIS ABOUT TO QUALIFY FOR MEMBERSHIP BY TOUCHING THE MOUTH OF A RORQUAL WHALE.

EIGHT members of a British research party based on Graham Land, in the Antarctic, belong to what is probably one of the most exclusive clubs in the world. Each member has qualified to join the "Pat the Whale" Club by having patted the mouth of one of a number of whales. The whales were encountered in small pools in the centre of the frozen Crown Prince Gustav Channel, between James Ross Island and the Graham Land Peninsula. Whales had never been known to appear before in such small pools cut off from the open sea, and it was thought that they must have stayed too long in the Channel and been overtaken by the ice of mid-winter. The whales surfaced at intervals in the pools, emerging through the broken ice, to obtain much-needed air. The members of the research party believed that it was the continued thrashing of the whales which prevented the pools from freezing over. In a more severe winter it is almost certain that the stranded mammals would have died.

(RIGHT.) COMING UP FOR AIR: A WHALE SURFACING IN A SMALL POOL IN THE CROWN PRINCE GUSTAV CHANNEL, BETWEEN JAMES ROSS ISLAND AND THE GRAHAM LAND PENINSULA.



LYING ON THE ICE AND BASKING IN THE SUN: SEALS ON THE FROZEN CROWN PRINCE GUSTAV CHANNEL IGNORE THE ANTICS OF THE WHALES.

UNIQUE AND EXTREMELY EXCLUSIVE: THE ANTARCTIC'S "PAT THE WHALE" CLUB, OFF GRAHAM LAND.



"THAT TERRIBLY AUGUST BODY": THE SCENE DURING THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE 1956 GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND AT EDINBURGH.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland opened at Edinburgh with its usual ceremony and dignity on May 22. After a service in St. Giles' Cathedral the dignitaries and members of the Assembly moved to the great Assembly Hall. Here the new Moderator, the Right Rev. Dr. R. F. V. Scott, minister of St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, London, was installed, and her Majesty's Commission to his Grace, the Lord High Commissioner, and her letter to the General Assembly were then read. This photograph shows the scene in the Assembly Hall when the Lord High Commissioner, the Rt. Hon.

Walter Elliot, M.P., rose to address the Assembly. On his right in the Throne Gallery, above the Moderator's chair, are the Lord Provost, Sir John G. Banks, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher. The Solicitor-General for Scotland, Mr. William Grant, is on his left. The Archbishop of Canterbury, who attended part of the nine-day deliberations of the General Assembly, had earlier described it as "that terribly august body." His visit was taken as a sign of the great importance attached to the exploratory talks on the question of the possible union between the Presbyterian and the Anglican

communions. In his address, on the second day of the assembly, Dr. Fisher told the 1500 commissioners that he regarded these talks with optimism. He said that he considered it a sign of the times that he had come, the third of his office to do so, not only to the General Assembly, but among friends. The large audience, which packed the Assembly Hall to the doors, had given Dr. Fisher a very warm welcome. At the end of his address the Primate again stressed the importance of the present discussions regarding rival Church discipline and the problem of relations between them. His concluding words

were: "That is why I welcome the fact that we are in an age of Church relations in which we are given the chance to find the unity intended for us." After the Moderator had replied briefly to Dr. Fisher the Assembly returned to its normal business. Though this has taken up the greater part of its time the 1956 General Assembly of the Church of Scotland will be remembered as an important step forward in the vital question of Church union. It is interesting to note that the inter-Churches conference will next be meeting at Edinburgh in September.

AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN'S TOMB OF 5000 YEARS AGO: HER-NEIT'S JEWELS; AND HER PET DOG; AND A UNIQUE ARCHITECTURAL DISCOVERY.

By PROFESSOR WALTER B. EMERY, Edwards Professor of Egyptology in the University of London and Director of the Excavations.

(Previous excavations of tombs in the archaic necropolis at North Sakkara have been reported in previous issues of "The Illustrated London News" as follows: that associated with Uadji on May 23, 1953; that with Ka'a on May 15, 1954; and that with Udimu on March 19, 1955.)

CONTINUING its campaign of systematic research in the archaic necropolis of North Sakkara, the Egypt Exploration Society, working on behalf of the Egyptian Government Service of Antiquities, reopened its excavations in an area 50 yards south of the discoveries made last year (*The Illustrated London News* of March 19, 1955). Here, on January 1, we discovered another royal tomb of the First Dynasty, which belonged to a hitherto unknown queen. From the evidence on inscribed material found in the burial chamber, her name would appear to be Her-neit, a queen who died during the reign of Udimu, fifth king of the dynasty.

Although in general design the tomb appears to conform to the earlier type previously found at Sakkara, it presents many new architectural features, the main importance of which was the use of sculptured stonework in the burial chamber and the combination of two distinct forms of funerary architecture in the one edifice: the tumulus superstructure of Upper Egypt embodied within the panelled brick mastaba of Lower Egypt. Traces of this curious feature have been previously noted in other First Dynasty tombs at Sakkara, but owing to their ruined state their real function was not recognised (Figs. 1 and 2).

The southern tombs of the archaic kings at Abydos have long presented an architectural problem, for when they were cleared by Petrie and Amelineau at the end of the last century, it was found that the superstructures over the great burial pits had been entirely destroyed, and no evidence remained of their character or design. Only one fact was certain: they must have been far smaller than their counterparts at Sakkara. With the combination of the tomb designs of Upper and Lower Egypt revealed in the new tomb, this problem is now solved and it is obvious that the Abydos monuments must have been surmounted by the rectangular brick-covered tumuli of the same design as that embodied in the panelled mastaba of Sakkara.

The burial chamber of the new tomb consists of a deep pit cut in the rock to a depth of 14 ft., with a stairway leading down its north wall. This pit was double-roofed, with timber at ground level and with timber and stone at half its depth, thus forming two subterranean rooms, one above the other,

the lowest being reserved for the actual burial. Although ransacked by ancient plunderers, the

burial chamber still contained the remains of a big wooden sarcophagus and the scattered bones of its occupant. Many fine objects were still preserved, the most notable of which were the queen's drinking cup (Fig. 8), a necklace of gold and carnelian beads (Fig. 9), vessels of ivory, crystal (Fig. 7), alabaster, schist, diorite and breccia. The fragmentary remains of ivory (Fig. 11) and wooden furniture all gave evidence of what must originally have been a sumptuous burial installation. The south end of the burial chamber was roofed with stone flags resting on a stone lintel on which was carved a design of crouching lions (Fig. 5), the earliest example of constructional sculpture yet found in Egypt. After the burial, a low rectangular tumulus of rubble was raised above the pit, and this in turn was covered with a brick casing. Finally this superstructure was buried beneath a great rectangular brick mastaba with the usual elaborate exterior of recessed panelling (Fig. 6) and its interior divided into magazines which contained extra funerary equipment for the use of the deceased in after life.

This great superstructure, measuring 127 ft. by 56 ft., is better preserved than any other First Dynasty monument yet found. The east façade is still standing at certain points more than 8 ft. in height, and the recessed panelling retains much of its painted decoration in red and light yellow. At the foot of the façade is the usual bench (Fig. 3) on which were placed the heads of bulls, modelled in clay with real horns. Most of these have long since been destroyed, but sufficient survive to indicate the system on which they were arranged.

Surrounding the whole superstructure is an enclosure wall preserved at some points to its original height of 4½ ft. Between it and the superstructure was a mud pavement which had been painted green (Fig. 4). Access to the corridor was gained through a gateway at the south end of the enclosure wall.

No trace of subsidiary graves containing the burials of sacrificed servants was found, and it can only be concluded that these did not exist. However, the queen was not to go entirely unaccompanied to the next world, for her dog was buried in a shallow pit

grave (Fig. 10) on the north side of the entrance gateway. As previously said, the superstructure enclosure wall and corridor are far better preserved than any other example of First Dynasty architecture. Consequently, the Egyptian Government Service of Antiquities have decided to restore the walls to their maximum height as found, and roof over the corridor, so that the friable brickwork can be preserved. This will be the first example of Egypt's monumental architecture to be available for public inspection. Hitherto such remains have been in so ruined and fragile a condition that such conservation was impossible.

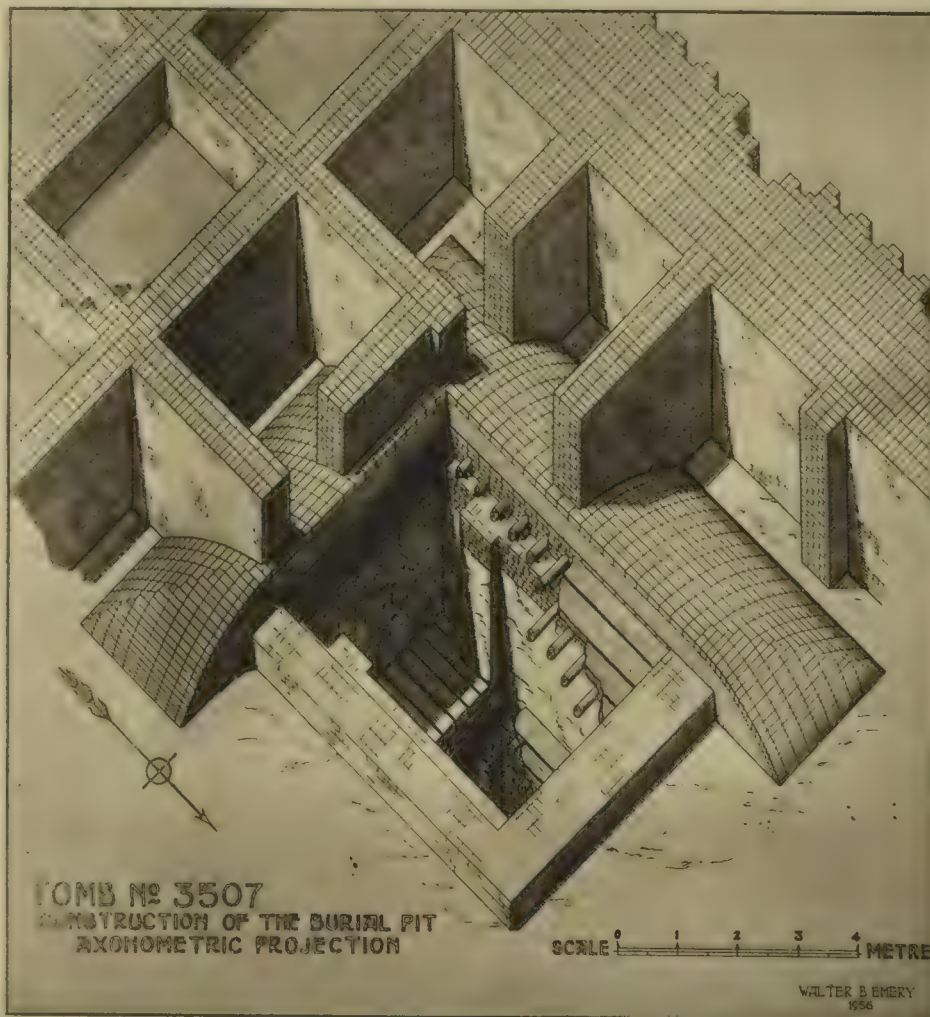


FIG. 1. THE TOMB OF QUEEN HER-NEIT: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING SHOWING THE PIT, WITH A CHAMBER AT TWO LEVELS; AND THE BRICK-COVERED TOMB OVER IT, IN THE HEART OF THE CHAMBERED BRICK MASTABA.

The peculiarity of this tomb, which has just been excavated by Professor Emery, lies in its combination of a tumulus-covered burial pit in the centre (in the manner of Upper Egypt) with the overlying panelled brick mastaba usual in Lower Egypt. The tomb chamber was in two storeys, and although looted in antiquity is relatively well-preserved.

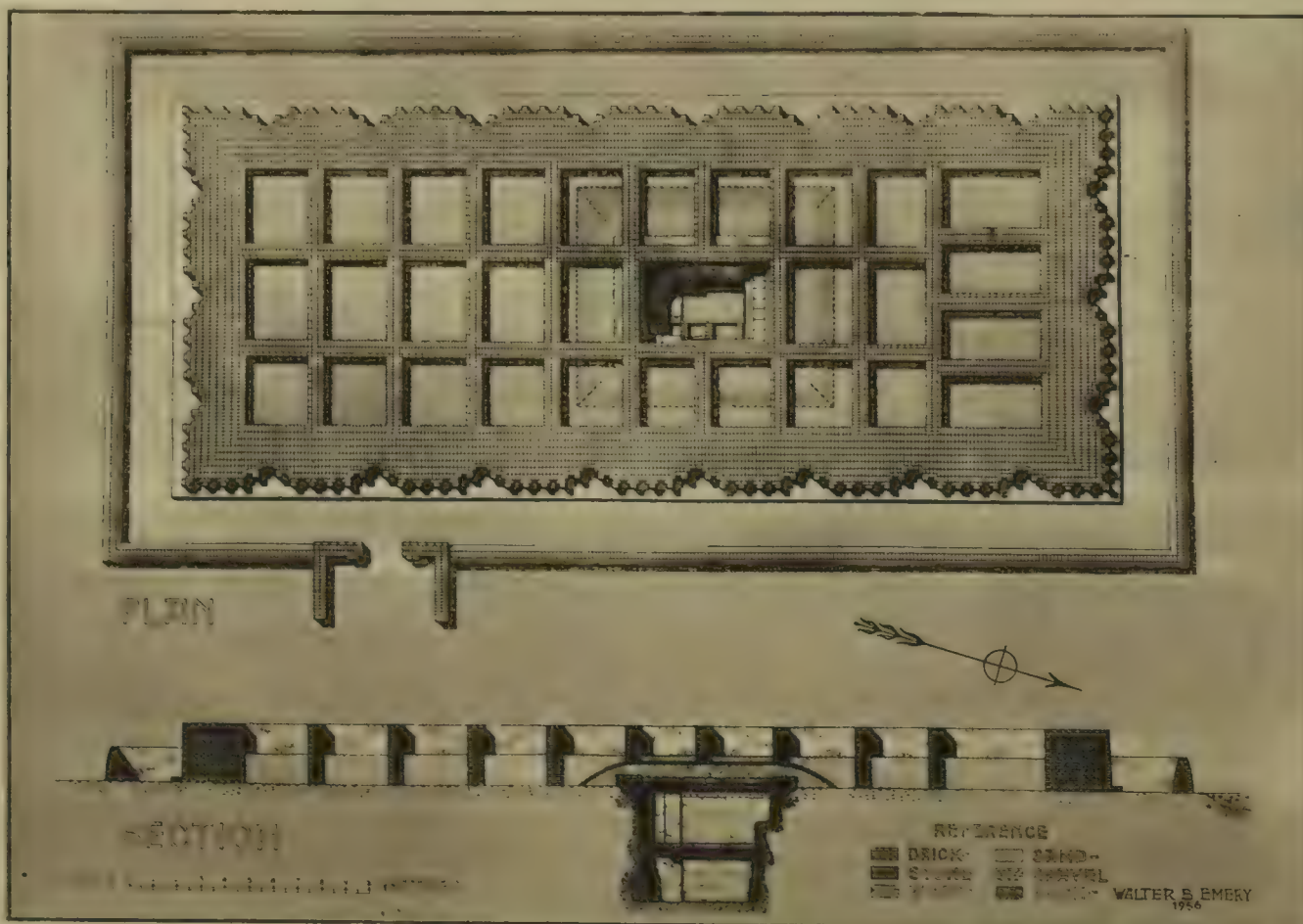


FIG. 2. ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING ARCHITECTURAL DISCOVERIES TO BE MADE IN THE ARCHAIC NECROPOLIS OF SAKKARA: THE TOMB OF THE FIRST DYNASTY QUEEN, HER-NEIT, SHOWN IN PLAN AND SECTION.

THE GREAT TOMB OF QUEEN HER-NEIT: AN OUTSTANDING SAKKARA DISCOVERY.



FIG. 3. THE CLAY BENCH AT THE FOOT OF THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE QUEEN'S TOMB, SHOWING ONE OF THE BULL'S HEADS, MODELLED IN CLAY BUT FITTED WITH AN ACTUAL BULL'S HORN.

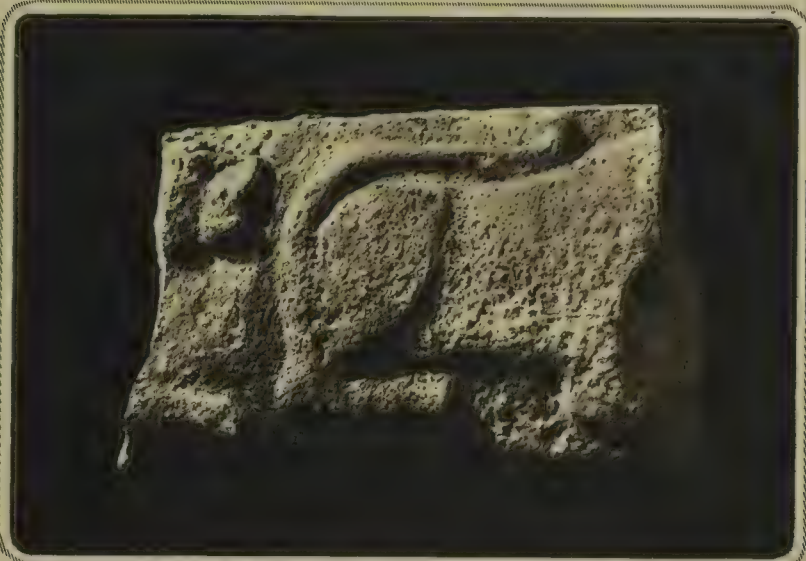


FIG. 5. THE EARLIEST EXAMPLE OF CONSTRUCTIONAL SCULPTURE FOUND IN EGYPT: PART OF A LIMESTONE LINTEL, CARVED WITH A FRIEZE OF LIONS, FOUND IN THE TOMB OF QUEEN HER-NEIT.



FIG. 4. A LARGE DEPOSIT OF POTTERY OFFERINGS FOUND IN THE EAST CORRIDOR BETWEEN THE SUPERSTRUCTURE (LEFT) AND THE ENCLOSURE WALL. THE FLOOR OF THIS CORRIDOR WAS ORIGINALLY PAINTED GREEN. THE PANELLING CARRIES SOME OF THE ORIGINAL RED AND YELLOW PAINT.



FIG. 6. THE EAST FACADE, CORRIDOR AND ENCLOSURE WALL OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED ROYAL TOMB OF QUEEN HER-NEIT AT SAKKARA. THIS IS THE BEST-PRESERVED EXAMPLE OF FIRST DYNASTY ARCHITECTURE YET DISCOVERED, AND IS TO BE RESTORED AND PARTLY COVERED BY THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT.

Queen Her-neit, whose tomb Professor Emery has just excavated at North Sakkara, was buried in the reign of the Pharaoh Udimu, the fifth of the First Dynasty of Egypt. For some years now Professor Emery has been excavating the royal necropolis of this dynasty; and on the facing page he summarises this last season's work. The First Dynasty is generally supposed to begin

about 3100 B.C.; and its Pharaohs are, in order, Nama; Aha; Zer; Uadji; Udimu; Anezib; Semerkhet; and Ka'a. According to Manetho, an Egyptian priest who wrote in Greek in the third century B.C., the dynasty lasted 253 years, but this is now thought to be an over-estimate. Other discoveries made during this last season are illustrated overleaf.

AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN'S TREASURES; AND THE PET DOG WHO DIED WITH HER.



FIG. 7. THREE ROCK CRYSTAL DISHES FOUND IN THE BURIAL CHAMBER OF QUEEN HER-NEIT. WITH DIAMETERS BETWEEN 6 AND 8 INS., THEY ARE CLEAR AND TRANSPARENT AND OF GREAT DELICACY OF WORKMANSHIP, THAT ON THE LEFT HAVING AN AVERAGE THICKNESS OF LESS THAN 2 MM.



FIGS. 8 AND 9. FOUND WITH THE QUEEN'S REMAINS ON THE FLOOR OF THE WOODEN SARCOPHAGUS: (ABOVE) THE QUEEN'S DRINKING VESSEL, 6 INS. HIGH, OF DARK SCHIST WITH A PINK LIMESTONE FOOT; AND (BELOW) A NECKLACE OF GOLD AND CARNELIAN, A RARE PIECE FOR THIS PERIOD.



FIG. 10. BURIED TO ACCOMPANY HIS ROYAL MISTRESS INTO THE NEXT WORLD: THE REMAINS OF A DOG, SOMEWHAT SALUKI-LIKE IN FORM.



FIG. 11. AN IVORY BULL'S FOOT, ABOUT 5 INS. HIGH, PROBABLY ONE OF THE FOUR SUPPORTS OF A LOW TABLE OR STOOL.

The 5000-year-old tomb of Queen Her-neit, whose excavation Professor Emery describes on page 646, is outstanding in interest even among the Royal tombs of the archaic necropolis at North Sakkara. Its large superstructure is exceptionally well preserved, so much so that the Egyptian Government has decided to restore it and partly cover it to preserve it. Its architectural construction is a unique combination of two grave forms—the domed burial pit of Upper Egypt and the brick mastaba of Lower Egypt. Further, the actual burial chamber, though looted in antiquity, is well preserved and has

yielded a number of interesting objects, some of which we illustrate, and in particular a gold and carnelian necklace which is quite outstanding for the period. Several of the tombs in the necropolis have been surrounded with a number of subsidiary burials, presumably those of servants who had died, probably by taking poison, in order to accompany their master into the Next World. Queen Her-neit had only one companion for her journey after death: her pet dog, a Saluki-like animal, whose curled-up skeleton was found buried just outside the entrance to the tomb.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FLOWERS AND STILL LIFE.

By FRANK DAVIS.



LONG before the present craze for flower paintings of every description came upon us, and as far back as I can remember, flower pictures by Fantin-Latour have been admired and loved. If I am not greatly mistaken, his own countrymen have held him in honour for other reasons as well, emphasising his qualities as a portrait painter and especially his handling of groups of people, his own friends and acquaintances, in those agreeable compositions which we label Conversation Pieces. I was thinking of this when I happened to come across the painting of "Narcissi and Mixed

We are so accustomed to the notion that a painting of a vase of flowers is a suitable subject for a picture, fit to be hung on a wall by itself and not merely a decorative incident in some other composition, that we are liable to forget the debt we owe to innumerable Flemish and Dutch painters of the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—or should we, in the first place, give thanks to all those mainly middle-class clients of theirs who demanded such things and so created a market? Which came first, the hen or the egg, the buyers or the painters? I don't think I'll try to answer that one, except to remark that the climate of the time was favourable, the soil fertile. And how astonished and flattered these quite humble practitioners of this delicate art would be if they could realise what we think about them to-day!

Among several flower paintings in the current exhibition at the Slatter Gallery, my vote goes to the study of old-fashioned roses and irises by F. Ykens (Fig. 2), working in Antwerp in the seventeenth century; three irises in shades of cream, purple and blue, and three salmon-pink roses with buds, arranged in a tall, oval glass with various other flowers—nasturtiums, french marigolds, larkspur and love-in-a-mist. Then, to show how able the painter is—one butterfly among the flowers and another on the ledge upon which the vase is standing. An insect or two is almost *de rigueur* in these pictures, sometimes a snail or a caterpillar or a lady-bird or a fly and, as often as not, though not in this particular painting, drops of dew on the flowers and, maybe most difficult of all, the reflection of a window in the glass vase, distorted by the glass and the water. The fly will sometimes be painted with

It seems an odd circumstance to us, with our soulful talk about "isms" and tendencies and what not, but these people were simple souls who took pleasure in as exact an imitation of nature as they could manage and were in no way given to theorising. No doubt that is why, charming though they are, these early flower paintings seem to exist in an airless vacuum unaffected by gradations of light; indeed, for that very reason they have a special quality, whereas the flowers of



FIG. 1. "NARCISSI AND MIXED FLOWERS, IN A GLASS BOWL," PAINTED BY H. FANTIN-LATOURE IN 1882. THIS WORK, WHICH IS AMONG THOSE DISCUSSED BY FRANK DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE, WAS INCLUDED IN THE IMPORTANT SALE OF PICTURES AND DRAWINGS AT CHRISTIE'S ON JUNE 1. (Canvas; 17 by 17 ins.)

Flowers, in a Glass Bowl" which was to be sold at Christie's on June 1 (Fig. 1); it seems to me more than usually enchanting, both as a painting and as a flower-arrangement (very different from the rather formal arrangements which are the contemporary mode of the modern florist), so I took the trouble to look up the catalogue of the exhibition at Grenoble, where he was born and worked, which was held in 1936, the centenary of his birth. As I expected, there were numerous flower pictures, one or two on loan from English collectors, but the main emphasis seems to have been on his portraits and portrait groups, and on the romantic illustrations to the Wagner operas, which last look curiously old-fashioned to-day.

The catalogue also quoted an undated letter from Anatole France to a friend which appears to be worth recording here because it sums up the career of Fantin-Latour in such felicitous terms, though, to be sure, my translation misses the nuances of the original flexible French. This is what Anatole France says: "I know nothing more touching than the groups of friends one finds so frequently in his work. Their features live a life of their own at once familiar and sublime. I would willingly call him the Master of Friendship. And what love at once chaste and voluptuous he expresses when he paints flowers!" Perhaps some day, if the Arts Council or one of the galleries gets together a show which will enable us to see a selection from all his work, we may be in a position to appreciate his portraits more; we shall certainly not appreciate his flowers less, for as much as anyone he freed flower painting from rigidity, bringing new life to an ancient tradition.



FIG. 2. "ROSES AND IRISES," BY FRANCOIS YKENS (1601-c.1693), WHICH IS IN THE 1956 EXHIBITION OF DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS AT THE SLATTER GALLERY. (Panel; 24 by 16½ ins.)



FIG. 3. "NUTS, WINE AND TOBACCO," BY HUBERTUS VAN RAVESTEYN (1638-c.1691): AN OUTSTANDING STILL LIFE IN THE SLATTER GALLERY EXHIBITION, WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL JULY 14. (Panel; 17 by 13½ ins.)

such fidelity that one is tempted to go and brush it off—a deliberate eye-deceiving effect which seems to have given equal pleasure to painter and client, proving the virtuosity of the former and allowing the latter to play a childish little practical joke on his guests.

Fantin-Latour, and, of course, Renoir's roses, shimmer and sparkle amid the most subtle atmospheric tones. Just as with flowers, so with all sorts of ordinary objects, pottery and tablecloths, knives and table silver; such things had appeared in paintings from the days of Van Eyck onwards, but as minor decorations to the terrestrial or divine drama which was the main purpose of the picture. From henceforth they were regarded as proper subjects for a painting without reference to human activities, and how lovingly great as well as little masters have dealt with them!

In *The Illustrated London News* of April 28 there was a photograph of a painting by De Heem (1606-1683/84), also in the Slatter exhibition, in which a sliced herring on a pewter plate with two onions, two lemons, a roll of bread, two clay pipes, a smouldering wick, spills, tobacco and cherries, and a beaker half full of red wine, are set out below a tall, winged wineglass and an ornate silver holder and surrounded by a glass brandy saucer—some worthy citizen's "Elevenes," no doubt, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that, proud of his fine glass and of the silver holder, he actually commissioned De Heem to paint this picture to remind himself of the homely comfort he had attained. Here (Fig. 3) is another still-life from the same exhibition, in which Van Ravesteyn (1638-c.1691) has clearly been fascinated by the play of light upon a grey stoneware jar, the reflections in the glass rummer with its thick stem ornamented with raspberry prunts to give a firm grip (it is a typical wine-glass of the period), the brighter sheen of the glaze on the blue-and-white delft bowl, and the light brown of the walnuts. It is a pleasant composition, given a certain degree of warmth, for all its cool tones, by the blue of the delft bowl, the blue of the velvet at the side of the table echoing the blue decoration on the jar. Characteristically, there are a few drops of liquid, lovingly painted upon the grey stoneware.

SIR JOHN SOANE (1753-1837)—EMINENT ARCHITECT AND COLLECTOR:



A DESIGN FOR REMODELLING THE SOUTH SIDE OF HOLWOOD, KENT, WHICH SIR JOHN SOANE PREPARED FOR HIS PATRON, WILLIAM PITT, IN 1799.



SIR JOHN SOANE'S MASTERPIECE: THE THREADNEEDLE STREET FACADE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND. SOANE WAS APPOINTED ARCHITECT TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND IN 1788. THE REMODELLING OF THIS FRONT WAS BEGUN IN 1825.



THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S COURT: ONE OF THE COURTS DESIGNED BY SOANE FOR THE NEW LAW COURTS AT WESTMINSTER IN 1821.



ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING DRAWINGS IN THE EXHIBITION AT KENWOOD: THE BRIDGE AND ENTRANCE AT TYRINGHAM, BUCKS, DESIGNED BY SOANE BETWEEN 1792 AND 1797.

Continued.
remains to-day, in its original state and arrangement, as one of the most interesting treasure houses in London. Among the paintings are Hogarth's famous "Rake's Progress" and "Election" series. Throughout the house a great variety of architectural fragments, from every age and nation, through the walls, as may be seen in the drawing of the interior reproduced on this page. Included in the collection are

(Continued opposite.)



ST. PETER'S, WALWORTH: THE VARIOUS DESIGNS PREPARED IN 1822. THE CENTRAL DESIGN IN THE SECOND ROW WAS THE BASIS OF THE CHURCH BUILT.

SIR JOHN SOANE (1753-1837) was a prolific architect and collector. Though only few of his many buildings in London survive to-day he has left an unusual and valuable monument of himself in the fascinating Sir John Soane's Museum at 13, Lincoln's Inn Fields, between Kingsway and Chancery Lane. Here Soane housed his vast collection of books, paintings, drawings, sculpture and other works of art. He left this house and its contents "for the benefit of the public," and it

(Continued above.)

(RIGHT) THE FACADE OF NO. 13, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS: STILL STANDING TO-DAY, THIS HOUSES THE FASCINATING AND UNUSUAL SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM.



Photographs by courtesy of the Trustees

AN EXHIBITION OF ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS AT KENWOOD.



THE LOTHBURY FACADE OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, WHICH, TOGETHER WITH A NEW LIBRARY, SEVERAL OFFICES AND TWO RESIDENCES FOR BANK OFFICIALS, WAS BEGUN IN 1795.



THE PICTURE GALLERY AND MAUSOLEUM AT DULWICH: DESIGNED IN 1811, THIS WAS THE OUTCOME OF A BEQUEST BY SOANE'S FRIEND, SIR FRANCIS BOURGEOIS, WHO LEFT HIS COLLECTION OF PICTURES TO DULWICH COLLEGE.



A HOUSE WHICH REMAINS TO-DAY VERY MUCH AS SOANE DESIGNED IT IN 1792: TYRINGHAM, BUCKS—A COUNTRY HOUSE COMMISSIONED BY WILLIAM PRAED, A CITY BANKER.

Continued.
thousands of architectural drawings, few of which can, of course, be permanently exhibited. Nine thousand of these drawings relate to Soane's own work. The exhibition at the Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood (the famous Adam house set in its lovely park adjoining Hampstead Heath), contains ninety-nine drawings, which fall into two groups: firstly, those illustrating some of the more important of Soane's architectural designs; and, secondly, a series of drawings of London buildings and architectural features of the early

(Continued below.)



THE PROPOSED INTERIOR OF A SEPULCHRAL CHURCH, DESIGNED BY SOANE FOR TYRINGHAM. IT WAS NEVER BUILT.



(LEFT) A SECTION THROUGH THE DOME AND CRYPT AT 13, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS: SHOWING SOME OF THE VARIOUS ARCHITECTURAL FRAGMENTS WHICH ARE TO BE SEEN.



THE GOTHIC SECTION OF THE NEW LAW COURTS AT WESTMINSTER. THIS INTERESTING EXHIBITION CONTINUES AT KENWOOD UNTIL SEPTEMBER 30.

Continued.
nineteenth century, which were drawn in Soane's office as illustrations for his lectures as Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy. The drawings reproduced on this page are all of Soane's own designs and several of them show the striking ability of the draughtsmen employed in his office. This interesting exhibition, which is open on weekdays from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m., and on Sundays from 2.30 to 7 p.m., continues at Kenwood until September 30.

of the Sir John Soane's Museum.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



A DAY or two ago my son was to be seen here carrying in his hand a single blossom of that most beautiful of all the double primroses, "Madame Pompa-

dour." For a moment I thought that at last he had succeeded in growing and flowering that temperamental plant. Alas, no. The blossom had been brought by a neighbour. My son's one and only specimen of "Madame Pompadour" lingers, as it has lingered since it was given to him not so very long ago, with one foot in the grave and the other foot half-in and half-out. This ancient variety of primrose, with its fully double blossoms of rich, glowing crimson velvet, is a typical example of what I would call a temperamental plant. There is a subtle difference between a temperamental plant and one which we call "difficult." Many plants acquire a reputation for being difficult merely because local climates or local types of soil are just plain lethal to them, and some of us will persist in trying to grow them in such climates and soils. Heathers and rhododendrons on chalk, for instance, or gazanias on Midland clay. They die on us, martyrs to our crass ignorance or our inveterate optimism. Often to both.

Then, too, there are certain Alpines, especially those from great heights, for which it is almost impossible to provide certain combined conditions of soil and climate on which they insist. It can be done, and occasionally is done, by very clever, patient and enthusiastic specialists, even with such intractable species as *Eritrichium nanum* and *Campanula cenisia*. But the results are usually poor, pallid, invalid ghosts of what they would be in the ultimate screes at 9000 ft. A triumph, in fact, of technique over reason. Such plants are what I would call plain difficult as opposed to temperamental.

With the crimson double primrose "Madame Pompadour" it is different. This is merely a variety of our own native primrose. In beds of delicious soil in my son's garden, several of the other primroses, old varieties such as the double lilac and double white, yellow and purple, flourish, flower and increase without fuss or bother. Some of them enjoy the half-shade of old orchard trees, and some, especially the double white, are grown right out in full sun. Yet more than one specimen of "Madame Pompadour," soon after being planted in the same bed with the other varieties in half-shade, has gone into a rapid decline—and passed on. I have not seen the plant of "Madame Pompadour" in our neighbour's garden, though I have visited the garden in the past. It is shaded, I am told, by a yew hedge, and the soil and the climate can not be very different from the soil and climate here. It is all very difficult and mysterious, and I can only conclude that the plant is temperamental, a bundle of inexplicable, unreasonable whims, just as there might be folk who might glory in living at one end of Smugly-on-Sea, shall we say, and die of shame if circumstances drove them to the other. Personally, I would wilt at either end—or in the middle.

I have heard it suggested that "Madame Pompadour's" uncertain temperament is due to the fact of its being a very ancient variety, so that it has lost vitality through long years of propagation by division of the roots. But I can not believe that there is anything in this theory. Several of the other double primroses are very old varieties and have retained vitality and physique apparently unimpaired. And there is another primrose, "Evelyn Arkwright," a collected form of the common wild primrose, with single flowers half as large again as the ordinary type, which came into cultivation comparatively recently, but which, with me, proved fatally temperamental, even when grown side by side with specimens

TEMPERAMENTAL.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



"EVELYN ARKWRIGHT," A COLLECTED FORM OF THE COMMON WILD PRIMROSE WITH ESPECIALLY LARGE FLOWERS: "A SUPERB VARIETY" WHICH SOMETIMES PROVES "FATALLY TEMPERAMENTAL."

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.



WITH "ROUNDED, RATHER FLESHY LEAVES, AND TRUSSES OF LILAC, HONEY-SCENTED FLOWERS": *THLASPI ROTUNDIFOLIA*, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT CONSIDERS A TEMPERAMENTAL PLANT IN THIS COUNTRY, HERE SEEN FLOWERING CONTENTEDLY AT ABOUT 10,000 FT. NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE GORNER GRAT.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

of the ordinary wild primrose. On several occasions the late Sir John Arkwright sent me fine plants of "Evelyn Arkwright," and every time they petered out within a year. Yet Sir John was able to keep this superb variety for years in his garden, apparently without difficulty.

A high Alpine of which I am very fond but which I have always found intractable and temperamental in cultivation is the Iberidella, *Thlaspi rotundifolia*. This looks hearty enough in screes and roadside slopes of broken ground, at 8000 and 9000 ft. in the Savoy Alps, with its rounded, rather fleshy leaves, and trusses of lilac, honey-scented flowers like some dwarf iberis. And the plant is not difficult to collect with plenty of good working roots. I have collected it many times, and got it home looking in surprisingly good order, in spite of its being a crucifer—a family of notoriously bad travellers. Yet, in spite of having got specimens nicely established, they invariably petered out in a lamentably short time, in spite of my providing, as near as I knew how, every luxury of the season—or rather, austerity of the scree. The best I ever had flowered well, and then was stricken with a horrible, scruffy, flea-bitten appearance. I found that it was flea-bitten. Infested with a swarm of that pest of the kitchen garden, the turnip flea beetle.

Not to be beaten, I cut a hole a shade larger than the plant, in the centre of a flypaper, which I anchored with stones, so that the *Thlaspi* sat like an island, entirely surrounded by a sea of sticky goo. It worked beautifully, and every flea was trapped before the day was out. But poor, temperamental Iberidella was dead within a week, shamed into death, I do believe, by the hideous, un-Alpine protective surround which I had provided.

Saxifraga florulenta is, I feel, another temperamental plant. I have seen it flourishing and flowering on its remote granite cliffs high in the Maritime Alps behind Nice, just as *Saxifraga longiflora* flourishes in the Pyrenees. Reginald Farrer waxed romantic and lyrical about *florulenta*, which he christened "The Ancient King." I would call it, rather, the reluctant, or the temperamental, hermit. The plant, like *S. longiflora*, forms a solitary leaf rosette, which grows for several years, and eventually flowers—and dies. The leaves of *longiflora* are silvery-white, whilst those of *florulenta* are dark lurid green without a trace of silverying. *Longiflora* produces an immense arched plume of innumerable small white flowers. *Florulenta* sends up a curved flower stem like a fat, purplish stick of asparagus with small, inconspicuous, purplish-red flowers of no especial beauty. At least it does that in nature. In captivity it prefers to sulk for a longer or shorter period—usually shorter—and then die without flowering. It has, I believe, been flowered in this country. In fact, I seem to remember the late Frank Barker flowering it once. But that again was a triumph of technique—or pure magic—over temperament.

As far as my own experience has gone, the lovely *Aquilegia alpina* has proved a temperamental plant. I flowered it once in captivity many, many years ago, but only that once. There is a solitary specimen in my garden now, which I brought from the Col du Lautaret five or six years ago. It is perfectly healthy, with a fine crop of its beautiful, delicate, finely-divided leaves, and last year it pretended that it was going to flower. But instead of the immense, wide-spreading sapphire blossoms, all that it achieved in the end was a horror which looked like a rather complicated vegetable wart, a distressing example of temperament in concrete form.

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EVEREST TWICE RECONQUERED AND LHOTSE CLIMBED: A SWISS TRIUMPH.



TWICE-RECONQUERED EVEREST AND A HITHERTO UNCONQUERED PEAK: THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN—EVEREST—WHICH A SWISS TEAM HAVE CLIMBED TWICE; AND IN THE BACKGROUND (RIGHT) THE TWIN PEAK OF LHOTSE, THE SUMMIT OF WHICH THE TEAM REACHED FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY. A BRITISH EXPEDITION MADE THE FIRST CONQUEST OF EVEREST ON MAY 29, 1953.

ALMOST exactly three years after the British expedition, led by Sir John Hunt, conquered Everest—the world's highest mountain—for the first time, an announcement from the Nepalese Embassy in Delhi on May 28 gave the world the news that a Swiss expedition had twice succeeded in reaching the summit of Everest (29,002 ft.) and had also conquered the previously unclimbed twin peak of Lhotse (27,890 ft.). According to a message received in Nepal from Katmandu, "Messrs. Ernst Reiss and Fritz Luchsinger reached the Lhotse peak from Camp Six on May 18, 1956. On May 23, 1956, Messrs. Ernst Schmied and Jurg Marmet reached Mount Everest from Camp Seven. Messrs. Adolf Reist and Hans Rudolf von Gunten

[Continued opposite.



THE MEMBERS OF THE TRIUMPHANT SWISS EXPEDITION WHO HAVE ACHIEVED A TRIPLE TRIUMPH: (L. TO R.) WOLFGANG DIEHL, ERNST SCHMIED, ALBERT EGGELER (WHO WAS THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION), HANS RUDOLF VON GUNTEN, ERNST REISS, ADOLF REIST, JURG MARMET AND FRITZ LUCHSINGER. ALSO IN THE TEAM (NOT SHOWN) WERE DR. E. LEUTHOLD AND WALTER GRIMM.

[Continued.] reached the top of Everest again on May 24, 1956." The expedition, led by Mr. Albert Eggler, had obtained authorisation to attempt Everest and Lhotse, but their exact plans were kept secret. One of the two men who climbed Lhotse was Mr. Fritz Luchsinger, who in March had developed acute appendicitis at the Sherpa village of Namche Bazar, 13,000 ft. up in the Himalayas. After plans had been made for him to be moved to Katmandu or India for an operation, he recovered sufficiently to rejoin the team. On May 18, with Mr. Ernst Reiss, he stood on the summit of Lhotse, until then the world's highest unclimbed mountain. It was reported that the Swiss team used open-circuit type oxygen apparatus for the ascents.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



NEW AUSTRALIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER: SIR ERIC HARRISON. The appointment of Sir Eric Harrison as the new Australian High Commissioner in London was announced on May 23. He succeeds Sir Thomas White, but will not take up the appointment until August. Sir Eric served in both world wars, has been Resident Minister in London, and is now Minister for Defence Production.



NEW CHIEF OF THE ARAB LEGION: MAJOR-GENERAL ALI ABUNUWAR. A Royal decree issued on May 24 at Amman confirmed the promotion of Lieut.-Colonel Ali Abu Nuwar to the rank of major-general and his appointment as Chief of the General Staff of the Arab Legion. Major-General Abu Nuwar, who is thirty-three, received part of his military training at the Staff College, Camberley. Last year he was Military Attaché in Paris in the rank of major.



WORLD HIGH JUMP RECORD: MISS THELMA HOPKINS. On May 7, during a match at Belfast, Miss T. E. Hopkins (Queen's University, Belfast) beat the world record for the women's high jump with 5 ft. 8½ ins. This beat the previous record of Miss Chudina, of the U.S.S.R., by half an inch. Miss Hopkins, who is aged twenty, is also an outstanding hurdler and long jumper. At the White City, Manchester, on May 26, she won the long jump, and the 80 metres hurdles, as well as the high jump event.



APPOINTED HIGH COMMISSIONER IN AUSTRALIA: LORD CARRINGTON. Lord Carrington, who has been Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Defence, since 1954, has been appointed High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in Australia in succession to Sir Stephen Holmes. Lord Carrington was educated at Eton and R.M.C., Sandhurst. From 1951-54 he was Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture.



APPOINTED HIGH COMMISSIONER IN CANADA: SIR SAVILLE GARNER. Sir Saville Garner, at present Deputy Under-Secretary of State in the Commonwealth Relations Office, has been appointed High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in Canada in succession to Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Nye, whose term of office concludes this year. Sir Saville Garner was Deputy High Commissioner in Canada from 1946 to 1948.



MODERATOR OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: DR. R. F. V. SCOTT. On May 22, the opening day of the 1956 General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Rt. Rev. Dr. R. F. V. Scott was installed as the new Moderator. Dr. Scott, who is fifty-eight, has been minister of St. Columba's Church of Scotland, Pont Street, S.W.1, since 1938. From 1916-19 he served with The Royal Scots in France.



LEAVING MALAYA: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR G. BOURNE WITH THE HIGH COMMISSIONER, SIR D. MACGILLIVRAY, AND LIEUT.-GENERAL R. H. BOWER. Lieut.-General Sir Geoffrey Bourne left Malaya on May 20 to take up his appointment as C.-in-C., Middle East Land Forces. His successor as G.O.C. Malaya Command is Lieut.-General R. H. Bower, lately Chief of Staff Allied Forces Northern Europe.



CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF THE GIRL GUIDES: MISS A. GIBBS. Miss Anstice Gibbs was appointed Chief Commissioner of the Girl Guides Association on May 25. The announcement was made by the Princess Royal, who is President of the Association, at the annual general meeting. Miss Gibbs was formerly Deputy Chief Commissioner and was a lady-in-waiting to Lady Alexander during Lord Alexander's term as Governor-General of Canada.



BEFORE HIS DEATH IN A FATAL ACCIDENT: THE FRENCH "BIRDMAN," LEO VALENTIN, WHOSE PARACHUTE FAILED TO OPEN DURING A RECENT DESCENT. The French "birdman," Leo Valentin, was killed in a descent during a display at the air pageant at Liverpool Airport on May 21. His new balsawood wings were damaged as he jumped, and his parachute failed to open.



A SUSSEX AND ENGLAND CRICKETER: MR. MAURICE TATE. On May 18 Mr. Maurice Tate, the Sussex and England all-round cricketer, died suddenly at his home at Wadhurst, Sussex, at the age of sixty-one. Since retiring Mr. Tate had been a publican and was cricket coach for Tonbridge School for the past few years. He represented England in twenty Test matches against Australia, and was one of the greatest English fast-medium bowlers of the inter-war years.

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEMORIAL CLOISTER UNVEILED BY THE QUEEN.



OPENING THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE MEMORIAL CLOISTER: HER MAJESTY UNVEILING THE ENTRANCE.



IN THE CLOISTER: THE QUEEN LOOKING AT ONE OF THE BOOKS OF REMEMBRANCE WHICH CONTAIN THE NAMES OF 5600 OFFICERS AND OTHER RANKS WHO LOST THEIR LIVES.



THE NEW ROYAL ARMS FOR OFFICIAL PUBLICATIONS—DESIGNED BY MR. REYNOLDS STONE.



H.M. THE QUEEN WITH THE REGIMENTAL COLONELS: (LEFT) THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND (SECOND FROM RIGHT) THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



ARRIVING AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET BEING GREETED BY GENERAL LORD JEFFREYS.

On May 28 her Majesty the Queen, who is Colonel-in-Chief of all the regiments in the Household Brigade, opened the Household Brigade Memorial Cloister in Birdcage Walk, London. The ceremony of dedication was conducted by the Chaplain to the Household Brigade, the Rev. K. C. Oliver, and the Chaplain-General to the Forces, Canon V. J. Pike, gave the blessing. After declaring the Cloister open in memory of officers and men of the Household Brigade who gave their lives in World War II, the Queen inspected

the Cloister and saw the books of remembrance of the several regiments. Among those attending the ceremony were the Duke of Edinburgh, Colonel of the Welsh Guards; the Duke of Gloucester, Senior Colonel Brigade of Guards; Major-General Sir G. Howard-Vyse, Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards; General Sir H. Charles Lloyd, Colonel of the Coldstream Guards; Field Marshal the Earl Alexander of Tunis, Colonel of the Irish Guards; and General Lord Jeffreys, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards.

RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS ITEMS.



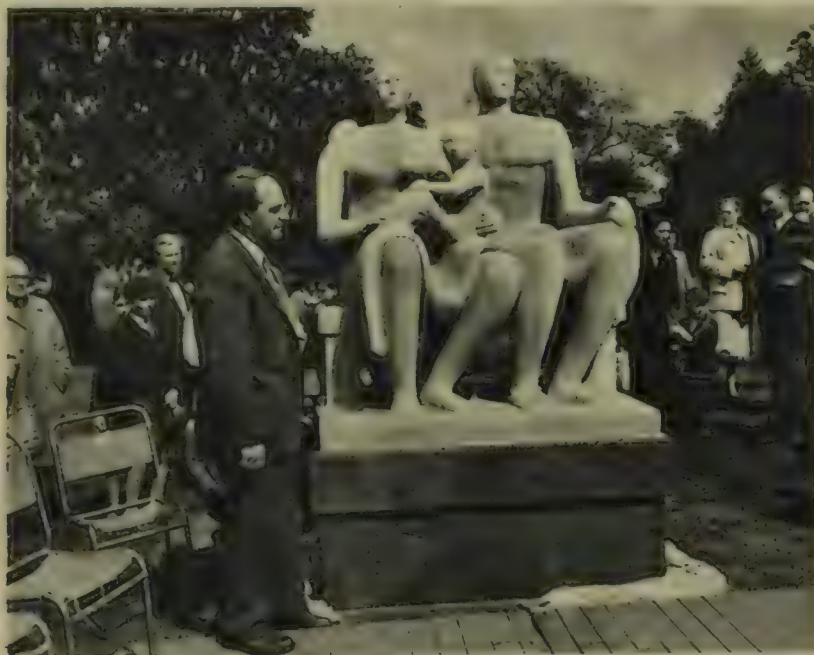
EMBROIDERED BY HAND: SOME OF THE HASSOCKS WHICH HAVE BEEN MADE FOR CHELSEA OLD CHURCH WHICH IS BEING REBUILT. Chelsea Old Church, now being rebuilt, is to have a collection of hassocks—each embroidered by hand—commemorating someone associated with Chelsea. The Queen Mother recently saw some of the hassocks at an exhibition at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.



WITH THREE TALL BLOCKS OF FLATS: A MODEL SHOWING THE SCHEME FOR BUILDING A RESIDENTIAL CENTRE IN THE BARBICAN-CRIPPLEGATE AREA. This model shows the proposed scheme for the building of a residential and cultural centre in the Barbican-Cripplegate area of the City of London. The plans provide for 2,355 flats, new buildings for three City schools, and facilities for recreation.



REHEARSING A SEA BATTLE: NAVAL RATINGS AT PORTSMOUTH WITH THE MODEL SHIPS WHICH WILL BE SEEN IN A NAVAL ACTION AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT. Visitors to this year's Royal Tournament, which opens on June 6 at Earls Court, will see an exciting naval engagement, staged by the Royal Navy with model ships, in which an enemy submarine launches a night attack on a convoy of merchant ships.



UNVEILED IN THE RESIDENTIAL AREA OF HARLOW NEW TOWN: A NEW CARVING OF A "FAMILY GROUP" BY HENRY MOORE. A "Family Group," commissioned for Harlow New Town, Essex, by Harlow Art Trust, was unveiled on May 17 by Sir Kenneth Clark, the chairman of the Arts Council. Our photograph shows Mr. Henry Moore standing in front of his work.



NEW GATES FOR THE COLLEGE OF ARMS: PRESENTED BY AN AMERICAN BENEFACTOR AND OPENED BY THE U.S. AMBASSADOR.

These fine gates, which came from the now-demolished Goodrich Court, Herefordshire, were restored and presented to the College of Arms by an American benefactor, Mr. Blevins Davis, and were opened with a golden key on May 24 by Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich, the U.S. Ambassador in London.



A NEOLITHIC GODDESS—ONE OF AN ANCIENT GROUP OF FIGURES IN THE CHALK AT WANDLEBURY, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

This spring, Mr. T. C. Lethbridge, with members of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, has begun the uncovering of a group of figures in the chalk slope in the Wandlebury earthwork. So far a goddess figure and part of a horse, of about 1800 years ago, have been revealed.



A GROUP OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSES BESIDE THE WITHAM, IN LINCOLN, WHICH ARE BEING SAVED AND RESTORED.

This group of sixteenth-century houses together with a Victorian public house, are owned by a firm of Newark brewers; the public house is being pulled down and the group of old houses is being restored for use as licensed premises, including a coffee-room.



A SPECTACULAR HELICOPTER RESCUE OFF THE CORNISH COAST: A ROYAL NAVY HELICOPTER RESCUING ONE OF TWO BATHERS TRAPPED NEAR TINTAGEL. On May 25 two bathers and a dog were trapped on a rock by the rising tide off Trebarwith, near Tintagel, Cornwall. Forty minutes after a call had been received by the Royal Naval Air Station at Culdrose, one of their helicopters had rescued the two men and their dachshund *Tessa* and landed them on a nearby beach.



THE LAST MAN SAFELY TAKEN OFF: THE NAVAL HELICOPTER COMPLETES ITS RESCUE OF THE TWO MEN AND A DOG WHO HAD BEEN TRAPPED BY THE RISING TIDE ON A ROCK NEAR TINTAGEL.



AN IMPORTANT OCCASION IN JERSEY'S STATES ASSEMBLY: SIR LIONEL HEALD SPEAKING FOR THE COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENTARY ASSOCIATION.

This photograph, which is believed to be the first ever taken of a sitting in the Jersey States Chamber, shows Sir Lionel Heald replying to the address of welcome made by the Bailiff to the delegation from the U.K. branch who were visiting the island on May 26.



A COELACANTH IN PARIS: THE FEMALE COELACANTH, WHICH WAS RECENTLY CAUGHT OFF THE COMORO ISLANDS, BEING EXAMINED BY SCIENTISTS IN PARIS. At the beginning of May a female coelacanth was caught off the Comoro Islands, between Madagascar and the African mainland. This fish was later brought to Paris for examination by French scientists. Its sixty eggs were insufficiently developed to show whether the species is viviparous or oviparous.



TWO SOLDIERS WHO WERE ON DUTY IN THE 150-FT.-DEEP UNDERGROUND TRANSIT CENTRE AND SAW THE EARLY STAGES OF THE FIRE, REVISIT THE BURNT-OUT TUNNEL AT GOODGE STREET.

Having started shortly after 9 p.m. on May 21, fire raged through the underground tunnel shelter used as an Army transit centre, at Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road. After 24 hours of extremely difficult and dangerous work firemen succeeded in extinguishing the fire. No lives were lost, but 31 firemen collapsed during operations.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

DISPERSEDLY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT seems a very bald title; but you will recognise it as the first word of one of my favourite indications of scene, "Dispersedly, in various countries": a comparable favourite pins us, more firmly, to "another part of the forest." This week the scene has been set dispersedly—so much so that I am dizzy with skimming the map of Europe, or peeping elvishly between the holes in yet another part of the theatrical forest: one, I am sure, that includes all those Shakespearean accessories of palm-tree, lioness, and gilded snake.

For the moment, let me show to you the most elaborate visa on my passport. It is for Ustinovia—that is the only reasonable label for a country whose name I never discovered. It is the smallest in Europe, and at the Piccadilly Theatre we now spend our evening in the main square of the capital city. There is little I can tell you about Ustinovia except that it has nothing whatever to do with Monaco. All statistical inquiries should be directed to the Russian girl, Junior Captain Marfa Zlotochienki, who knows more about the place than any of its inhabitants do—even, I would say, the President who is really a General. He ought to know enough, for he is acted with gentle goodwill by Peter Ustinov, who wrote the play, "Romanoff and Juliet," and created Ustinovia.

The President, when we meet him, has held office for only a few hours. (He should be holding it throughout the year.) He looks like a mild, elderly faun and may remind you now and then of portraits of Chekhov, though his full-dress uniform is most un-Chekhovian: I thought instinctively of a dear Cornish neighbour of mine who never failed to speak of "Joseph's fancy garment." The President, intensely diplomatic, rules a State that has a more crowded calendar of anniversaries than any country in Europe. It is quite natural because no country has been captured more often: hence the variety of Independence Days. The other important feature seems to be that time has stopped. For years, according to the cathedral clock, it has been twenty minutes to twelve, and even if the clock's mechanical figures still totter in and out in their fashion, one cannot really rely upon the capering of Death and the saints who have lost any feeling of responsibility.

It is a happy little world. It seems a pity that it should be powdered between the millstones of east and west. The eastern millstone is Russia, and the western is America; their embassies face each other across the square. In one there is a regular ritual of denunciation and confession (even at breakfast). In the other, democracy must remain untainted. Love, as usual, laughs, but neither sentimentally nor hoarsely; with ardours and endurances of their own, Igor Romanoff and Juliet Moulsworth must unite the warring households. Before this peace treaty the night wreathes and spirals and burgeons into fantastic comedy. Behind all is the soundest wisdom; but Ustinov does not press his moral lessons, and there is only one wholly serious speech, a set-piece that Frederick Valk utters with sudden controlled eloquence.

You will gather that only Ustinov could have created this remarkable land

—so remarkable that an aged Archbishop of the Unorthodox Church can take what certainly looks like a miracle as something all in the night's work. Edward Atienza is the most venerable dignitary I have met in the theatre: one felt that when he had left the stage, he would have crumbled peaceably to a small pile of venerable dust in the wings; it was a surprise to observe him taking his call. But, then, everything in this piece is a surprise except the quality of its performance. We expect the best from such players as Mr. Ustinov, Mr. Valk, and that splendid artist, John Phillips (I found myself muttering Whitman's line about a bouquet "of the incomparable feuillage of the States").

We have, too, Michael David and Katy Vail as the lovers, and a production in which Denis Carey, with the sharpest communicable pleasure, has guided us to the very core of the State, the heart of Ustinovia.

"Romanoff and Juliet" is a happy play, a gentle play, a civilised play: a product of the true writers' and dramatists' theatre. Ustinov's last speech may remind

you of a new version of Puck's farewell in "A Midsummer Night's Dream": "If we shadows have offended, Think but this, and all is mended." No offence 't the world. I would go to Ustinovia at once if it were possible, and it is perfectly possible to have an evening there, thanks to the Piccadilly Theatre.

Scotland next, with an English interlude in front of what lucklessly resembles a drift of raffia. Otherwise, the sets designed by Audrey Cruddas for the Old Vic "Macbeth" have a monolithic splendour; she might reconsider England. Michael Benthall's production is, in effect, that of last season, with an important difference: it is quieter, and we have not to disentangle the tragedy from the noise. Coral Browne is an exceptionally good Lady Macbeth, strong and baleful, reminding me at one point of Lawrence's furious picture of Sarah Siddons's daughter Maria, with the Medusa locks.

Paul Rogers has still the proper force, though the poetry does not fire his imagination. Warmly I think of Jack Gwillim's honest Banquo. Jeremy Brett, the Malcolm, is an actor to mark, and Jennifer Wilson develops Lady Macduff's emotion in that one difficult scene where she has now a Young Macduff who is a well-grown youth, not the usual babbling infant. This production is one of those that the Vic will take to America.

"Dispersedly..." Our scene shifts to Seville and to Hell. These, at the Royal Court, are Ronald Duncan's two plays, "Don Juan" and "The Death of Satan," and if I cannot work up much excitement about them, I do not look back in anger. Mr. Duncan might have done better to confine the evening to the second play. The first is the old, old story; the second has the nice spectacle of a wry and disappointed Devil (Michael Gwynn), both presiding over a little group (Shaw, Byron, Wilde) which enjoys Hell more than it has a right to, and sending Don Juan back to earth for a year on a fruitless errand. (There is no longer a sense of sin.) Keith Michell must tug Satan through the long evening. Some other perform-



"PETER USTINOV'S BEST PLAY... ONE OF THE MAJOR PLAYS OF THE THEATRICAL YEAR": "ROMANOFF AND JULIET" (PICCADILLY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) THE GENERAL (PETER USTINOV); THE ARCHBISHOP (EDWARD ATIENZA) AND THE SPY (DAVID HURST) WHO HAS NOW BECOME A MONK.



"AN EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD LADY MACBETH, STRONG AND BALEFUL": CORAL BROWNE AS LADY MACBETH, AND PAUL ROGERS IN THE TITLE-ROLE OF "MACBETH" AT THE OLD VIC. THIS PRODUCTION IS ONE OF THOSE THAT THE VIC WILL TAKE TO AMERICA.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"DON JUAN" and "THE DEATH OF SATAN" (Royal Court).—The first play in this double bill is the familiar story, the second transfers us pleasantly to Hell, then back to a modern Seville. There is more profit in the second venture, thanks to the wryly despondent Satan (in a dog-collar) of Michael Gwynn and the cool poise of Rosalie Crutchley. Keith Michell's Don Juan, toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, is a sturdy effort, sometimes defeated by the text. (May 15.)

"ANNE BOLEYN" (Birmingham Repertory).—A chronicle play in verse. The verse comes across intermittently, but the drama is firm enough to make us watch for Peter Albery in future. Charmian Eyre (Anne) and Douglas Seale's production are invaluable. (May 15.)

"ALBERTINE BY MOONLIGHT" (Westminster).—An ill-starred fantasy. (May 16-May 19.)

"ROMANOFF AND JULIET" (Piccadilly).—Peter Ustinov's best play, a fantasy of "the smallest country in Europe" that is one of the major plays of the theatrical year. Splendidly acted—see this page—and with Denis Carey to produce it. (May 17.)

"ROCKING THE TOWN" (Palladium).—A revue that offers another variation on the unfailingly successful Palladium recipe. Harry Secombe, Beryl Reid, Alma Cogan, are some of the players. (May 17.)

"MACBETH" (Old Vic).—A revival of Michael Benthall's production, distinguished now by Coral Browne's first appearance as Lady Macbeth, a firm, urgent performance. Paul Rogers's Macbeth retains its vigour. (May 22.)

ances—those, in particular, by Michael Gwynn and Rosalie Crutchley—are most adroitly managed, and George Devine directs the plays as simply as we could wish. But the double bill is a mistake.

The rest of my journey has taken me all over the place: the Palladium's "Rocking the Town," opulent and boisterous, with Rudy Horn tossing cups and saucers from toe to head while riding a unicycle; "Albertine by Moonlight," a fantasy misconceived and over-produced; and, far more important, Peter Albery's "Anne Boleyn" (Birmingham Repertory), a play that, though held up by its untheatrical poetry, has often a strong sense of the theatre. And "a sense of the theatre" is not just a cliché; it is essential to a dramatist. I look forward to Mr. Albery's next play. In this one, produced with imagination by Douglas Seale and acted by Charmian Eyre with her invariable spirit, he has certainly shown that—in Herbert Tree's words—"what-ever may have been her failings of character... Anne will ever live in history as one of the master mistresses of the world."

So forward to other parts of the forest.

IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA: ACHIEVEMENTS IN SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING.



ON TOW: A FLOATING ISLAND, ADRIFT ON KETTLE MORaine LAKE, WISCONSIN, BEING MOVED BY TUGS TO AN ANCHORAGE. THE ISLAND BECAME SEVERED FROM THE MAINLAND DURING A RECENT STORM.



AN UNUSUAL COLLECTION: A SHACK AT BELLAIRE, MICHIGAN, COVERED WITH LICENCE PLATES. THE COLLECTION HAS BEEN MADE BY A RETIRED RAILWAY EMPLOYEE, MR. CHARLES SEXTON, WHO STARTED COLLECTING IN 1909.



STRANDED ON A BRIDGE: A "TECHNICAL HITCH" WHICH OCCURRED WHILE A HOUSE WAS BEING MOVED FROM MASON CITY, IOWA, TO ROCK FALLS. JACKS HAD TO BE USED TO FREE THE EAVES OF THE PORCH FROM THE BRIDGE.



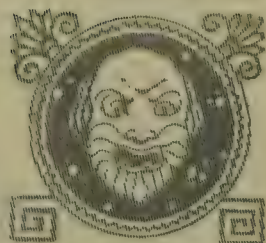
THE FIRST ATOMIC POWER STATION: A VIEW OF THE TOP OF ONE OF THE TWO PILES AT CALDER HALL POWER STATION, WHICH STARTED WORKING ON MAY 22. IN A FEW WEEKS IT WILL SUPPLY ELECTRICITY TO THE GRID SYSTEM. THE OFFICIAL OPENING BY THE QUEEN WILL BE IN THE AUTUMN.



TO GIVE WARNING OF ATOMIC RADIATION: A POCKET-SIZE DETECTOR, SIMILAR TO A GEIGER COUNTER, WHICH CAN BE MADE FOR LESS THAN £1. One of the items displayed at the Physical Society Exhibition, held in London, was a Geiger-type counting device for the detection of radiation. It was designed by Mr. A. R. Gould, of The Atomic Weapons Research Establishment, Aldermaston, Berks, and is said to be so simple that a schoolboy could assemble it. Warning of radiation is given by clicking noises, produced in earphones, and a flashing neon light.



MAN-MADE DIAMONDS: A CONTAINER, LATER PRESENTED TO THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION IN WASHINGTON, BEING FILLED BY AN AMERICAN SCIENTIST. The General Electric Company of America are now producing small quantities of man-made diamonds, chiefly for industrial purposes. The company first perfected the process in February 1955. Production is at present carried out at a small pilot plant; larger quantities can not yet be made at a marketable price. The diamonds being produced are suitable for most industrial purposes; stones of gem quality and size are not being made.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THE CRAZY AND THE MIXED-UP.

By ALAN DENT.

THEY are obviously in the fashion in America—these young men whom brooding young actors like Mr. Brando and the late James Dean have played so well, the type invariably referred to somewhere in each of their films as "a crazy, mixed-up kid." He is a hard kid to bear. He glowers almost permanently, and very often does not speak when he is spoken to, even though his would-be interlocutor is a young woman whose melting eyes suggest that she would willingly lie down and die for him.

His every trait, habit, and action are immediately interpreted by a dead-serious psycho-analyst who is either on hand anyhow or has been especially summoned. If he shows a habitual tendency to pull his boots off and throw them into a corner one after the other, that is because his father, or maybe only his grandfather, used to come home so tight that he could not stand the tightness of his boots or his neckties just before subsiding into his chair and knocking over the supper-table. If, on the other hand, he takes off his boots meticulously and then wanders about the room wondering where to place them neatly side by side, he is obviously the prey of a neurosis induced by his mother's, or maybe his grandmother's, secret addiction to smoking cigars at the bottom of the garden after supper.

Much of the nonsense comes from a misunderstanding and a misapplication of the theories of the late Dr. Freud, who was a very great man in spite of it all. The truth is that by far the greater part of our bad habits—to go no deeper into behaviour than habits—springs directly from faulty education and upbringing. If I nibble my pen when I am trying to write, it only means that I was not often enough told *not* to nibble my pen when I was learning to write. Infants not told at all about this grow up into pencil-chewers and other such depressives, manic or otherwise. 'Tis my belief, in short, that the art of timely slapping is three-quarters of the art of parenthood.

If the imaginary examples cited above should be considered either exaggerated or irrelevant, let me give some even more startling examples of psycho-analytical prognosis and diagnosis which occur in two of the recent films. In one, "The Rack," a young American army-captain returning from Korea is interviewed by a psychiatrist and sharply asked why he keeps on pressing the knuckles of his right hand to his lips while he is being addressed. It seems he lost his mother in infancy and that his father was unemotional and unapproachable in the way he brought him up. "Ah, that's it!" exclaims the psychiatrist in effect:—"Your father ought to have kissed you now and then in childhood and he never did."

Shortly after this young man has been welcomed home, he is charged with disloyalty and collaboration with the enemy. It seems that whereas some of his colleagues underwent physical torture when they were prisoners, he himself underwent mental torture, being "brainwashed" in order that he might consent to collaboration. So far, so convincing, and indeed all this part of the film—taking place at a formal court-martial—is of a persuasiveness which is greatly helped by the perfectly sincere and natural acting of Paul Newman as the young man under arrest, of Edmond O'Brien as the colonel defending him, and especially of Wendell Corey as the major who acts for the prosecution and shows a most unbiased and unvindictive desire to understand the case thoroughly. Indeed it is only in the psychiatrist's insistence that the young captain's weakness is due to a lack of parental fondness—and, what is more, almost entirely due to such treatment in his childhood—that we begin to demur. Up to and after this awkward point "The Rack" is extremely interesting and exceptionally well performed. But over the episode in a motor-car where the father (Walter Pidgeon) attempts to win back his erring son to his bosom by embracing him and kissing the crown of his head, let us draw a very rapid veil.

In another new film, "The Bold and the Brave," three musketeers—or rather, three hand-grenadiers—walk through Italy in 1944 killing Germans, loving Italian girls, and intermittently psycho-analysing one another to an extent which makes

the dice-game, to which they occasionally turn for distraction, seem a comparatively sane and safe way of passing such time as exists between love-making and war-making. Fairchild (Wendell Corey) is a fairly normal G.I. Joe, not averse to dalliance and, though no great gambler, not averse to scooping together the winnings of his fanatical little friend Dooley. But Fairchild's one quirk is that he is averse to shooting a man in cold blood—a thing he is obviously obliged to do occasionally in the heat of the battle. The astounding reason

given for this inhibition is that he is suffering from an inferiority complex through having married an over-rich wife. This does not make any kind of sense to me or to any colleague with whom I have exchanged views on this point in this film. Fairchild turns out to be a bloodthirsty hero in the end, and destroys a German tank and all its occupants single-handed. Was this due to his rich wife back home having suddenly thrown away all her money? We are not told.

Fairchild's great friend Dooley (Mickey Rooney) is a comparatively uninhibited little monkey who just wants to marry and have a family with a nice girl at home called Jean. He wins a huge amount at gambling and comes to a pathetic end. (Rooney has not given so good a performance since last he was Andy Hardy.) It is the third of these soldiers three who is the real psychiatric case. He is called Preacher (Don Taylor) and his terrible trouble is that he has had a drunken father who has turned him into the most intolerant Sergeant there ever was. He cannot abide gambling, nor can he understand Fairchild's antipathy to shooting—which apparently just seems to him part of the logical humdrum of good soldiering. But it is in his attitude to the random and rampant *signorine* around the rest-camp that Preacher most puzzles and vexes Fairchild and Dooley. They are, even more than dice, the allurements of the devil himself.

One Fiamma (Nicole Maurey), with the active co-operation of Dooley and Fairchild, succeeds in beguiling Preacher at last and he falls into what he imagines to be love until he discovers the girl to be no better than any other hanger-on. It is

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



WENDELL COREY AS MAJOR SAM MOULTON IN M.-G.-M.'S "THE RACK," WHICH IS DIRECTED BY ARNOLD LAVEN.

In selecting Wendell Corey as his choice of the fortnight, Mr. Alan Dent writes: "He is not a major actor or even a leading actor. But he has the 'healing presence' of the first-rate foil. He would, for example, be an ideal Horatio to any good Hamlet. Those who saw his easy, unforced performance in Alfred Hitchcock's superlative thriller 'Rear Window,' where he played Horatio, as it were, to the Hamlet of James Stewart, will know exactly what I mean. He appears in both of the new films considered on this page this week. He brings this rare quality of a 'healing presence' to both the prosecuting counsel in the court-martial of which 'The Rack' is largely made up, and to the soldier Fairchild in 'The Bold and the Brave.' We cannot believe the psychological tangle which this latter film's author has given him. But we do believe—through Corey's expressive acting—in Fairchild's honest perplexities and in his sympathy with his comrades."



THE COURT-MARTIAL SCENE IN M.-G.-M.'S "THE RACK," WHICH TELLS THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN OFFICER CHARGED WITH COLLABORATING WITH THE ENEMY WHILE A PRISONER IN NORTH KOREA. THE PROSECUTING OFFICER (WENDELL COREY) LOOKS ON GRIMLY AS THE PRISONER (PAUL NEWMAN, RIGHT) ANSWERS HIS QUESTION. (LONDON PREMIERE, MAY 17; RIALTO.)



A SCENE FROM R.K.O.'S "THE BOLD AND THE BRAVE"—A FILM ABOUT AMERICAN TROOPS IN ITALY IN 1944. THE THREE SOLDIERS UNDER THE TREE ARE PLAYED BY (L. TO R.) DON TAYLOR, WENDELL COREY AND MICKEY ROONEY. (LONDON PREMIERE, MAY 18; LONDON PAVILION.)

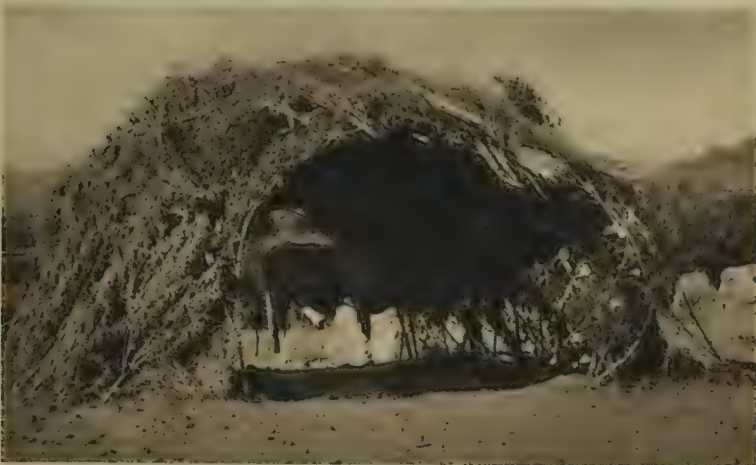
almost a relief to him to be driven back into battle again, tearing his gift from her neck as he does so. This film, incidentally, is again thoroughly well made, so that its effect is altogether more persuasive than any bald account of it might indicate.

On Whit Sunday morning I saw the "crazy mixed-up kid" problem solved with a sudden gesture, perfectly timed. I happened to be travelling in the Tube, a crowded Tube of course on such a day. A serene young lady had a crazy mixed-up puppy-dog on her lap, and it howled loudly all the way from Hammersmith to Acton, irritating everybody around excepting its owner, who read a book. When the train stopped, the howl stopped. But the moment the train started again, the pup started again. Whereupon a young man sitting opposite tapped it firmly on the head with his folded Sunday paper and uttered the simple words "Shut up!" They had an immediate effect, and everybody was immensely relieved. But I must say no more lest any angry or careless reader assumes that I am advocating corporal punishment in either children or puppies. Far be it from me to suggest such a thing!

SET A SEAL TO CATCH THE THIEF—A PORCUPINE.



THE SCENE OF A SERIES OF DARING NIGHT RAIDS: THE GRAIN STORES OF THE AFGHAN VILLAGE OF BADWAN, VISITED BY AN UNSEEN INTRUDER, WHO BROKE THE TELL-TALE CLAY SEALS.



WHERE MR. DUPREE AND THE OTHER GUARDS WAITED FOR THE THIEF: A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE GUARDS' HUT. THE NIGHTLY VIGIL FOR THE ROBBER WAS KEPT IN FREEZING WEATHER.



THE MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF: MR. DUPREE HOLDING THE DEAD THIEF, AN INDIAN CRESTED PORCUPINE NEVER BEFORE REPORTED FROM AFGHANISTAN.



"BURGLAR ALARMS" IN CLAY: TWO OF THE FRAGILE SEALS PLACED ON A GRAIN HEAP TO IDENTIFY OWNERSHIP AND DETECT THEFT. IF THE GRAIN IS DISTURBED, THE SEALS CRUMBLE.

WHILE working as an archæologist in south-central Afghanistan, Mr. Louis Dupree was told by nearby villagers of a grain thief who periodically rifled their stores. The identity of the thief was not known, but his activities were revealed by the broken seals which indicated the extent of his depredations. These seals are said to be unique. Carved by one of the villagers in such a way as to make duplication practically impossible, the design is imprinted on wet clay which, when it dries, crumbles at the slightest touch. When the farmers store their grain, the fragile clay seals are placed at intervals along the heaps; thus, if any grain in quantity is removed, the seals crack and fall to pieces. Guards, posted at the grain stores, failed to see the thief. The villagers eventually concluded that the culprit was a big bird, and asked Mr. Dupree to stand guard with his shotgun and kill it. On the second night of his vigil he saw a medium-sized animal running away. He fired and missed. Less than two hours later, the same animal returned. Mr. Dupree fired and killed it. On inspection, it proved to be an enormous porcupine. A British Museum expert later informed Mr. Dupree that he had killed an Indian Crested Porcupine (*Hystrix indica*).

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is as true of fiction as of anything else that we never bathe twice in the same stream; though of course the stream may be such an unremarkable piece of water that one would hardly notice. However, "Canaille," by Kathleen Sully (Peter Davies; 13s. 6d.), has no chance of being taken for a repeat of "Canal in Moonlight," and is unlikely to produce the same sensation. The "Canal" was unique; nothing so eerily self-contained and rainbow-squalid could be done over again. In this volume we have a couple of long-short stories, striking though not so striking, superficially very distant both from one another and from their amazingly queer prototype—and yet with a hallmark of continuity in the title. As a matter of fact, "Canaille" would have been a far apter name for the original book than it is in this case. But it suggests the *leitmotif*, which is a concern with absolute fellow-feeling; a determination to reach the heart and poetic truth of all lives, unchecked by physical or moral squeamishness.

That is why the first story, *For What We Receive*, opens with sixteen-year-old, pasty-faced Nat Mellowes putting his workmates off their dinner. Nat's father is a farm-labourer, and the Mellowes live in a primitive cottage, eat the wrong food, and all have perpetual runny colds and no handkerchiefs. Superficially, they are both dull and disgusting. But the veil is thin; and beneath it lies an immense kindness and unconscious generosity. Only sheer goodness of heart could form a link between the unassuming young garage hand and the smart, pretty typist who has got into trouble. Before, he had been "almost too tired to notice her"; now he offers himself as a husband. And there was no need, after all. Yet the act is so far from wasted that it transmutes life, not only for Beryl and himself, but for the embittered farmer who lets them a cottage, and the local "bad woman"—and at last briefly irradiates the whole village, and even the absconding lover. This is a plain story: not a sentimental story, but in the upshot a grotesque fairy-tale.

The Weeping and the Laughter is not at all plain. It is the manuscript of an elderly woman lying in hospital with a broken leg. And it appears that the woman is really someone else. Not the one who broke her leg—but a general servant, haunted throughout life by "dreams" of being someone else. Repeatedly, she has known other existences, in different ages; and she records some of these "lives," sometimes with alternative endings. And finally, she has agreed to exchange a "rest in heaven" for the personality and plight of Grace Upforde, who has just murdered her sister.

Here it is moral revulsion that has to be overborne; and the triumph of fellow-feeling is so complete that it becomes identity. The narrative is not obscure in itself, till the "exchange" looms up. And some of the finest passages come afterwards. But they are no longer good fiction; they have crossed the frontier of poetry.

OTHER FICTION.

"Cry of the Heart," by Mary Patchett (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is a nature-story of the Australian bush. There is a human family—Rock Duncan, the lone, all-but-defeated "cocky-farmer," his little girl Juli, and his second wife. And there is a tabby cat with kittens. She has had them on Rita's best dress; and Rita, a spineless, hysterical English girl, demands a massacre. Juli saves Tab and one of the kittens, but *Ma'am* has to grow up wild. This is her whole life-story; it is also the story of Juli's love for her, of their continued though intermittent friendship, and of Rita's disintegration and ghastly fate.

There are other ghastly scenes in the book; indeed they may strike one as the main thing. *Ma'am* is savage. Nature is unspeakable. It has its comedy—the comedy of one snake very gradually swallowing another alive, while *Ma'am* enjoys a game with both of them. These hideous yet superb flashes abound. The wild creatures are amazing. In short, it is a wonderful story.

"The Judge and the Hatter," by Georges Simenon (Hamish Hamilton; 13s. 6d.), presents two stories, each with its neurotic bedridden wife. In *The Witnesses* she is the judge's wife. Lhomond has really adapted himself—but who can know that? Suppose he, like the young tough Lambert, came to be charged with wife-murder—would there be any less against him? This is a "serious" Simenon; it has the usual virtuosity, and the French trial is out-and-out fascination. *The Hatter's Ghosts* is in "lighter" vein. M. Labbé has secretly disposed of his incubus, and turned, for what he considers good reasons, into an old-lady-strangler—the hooded terror of La Rochelle. And is being dogged cringingly by the Armenian tailor over the way. . . . A splendid little study in the macabre. To be frank, I preferred this one, which has all the interest that is required.

"Invasion of Privacy," by Harry Kurnitz (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), has a remote film background. It has an assorted cast of cops, crooks, lawyers, etc., plenty of involved action, and a brisk, amusing style, with a delightful accompaniment in Hollywood cablese.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

COUNTRY HOUSES, POETS, AND A BOOK ON ABOLISHING TAXES.

NOW that the great houses of Britain depend on the half-crowns of the tourist and the teas provided by her Ladyship for their continuation in private hands, it is surprising that so few good guide-books—apart from Mr. Randolph Churchill's of a couple of years ago—have been written about them. An unusual exception to this rule is: "Bright Tapestry," by Margaret M. Pearson (Harrap; 18s.). The content is excellent; the presentation, which includes a crossword competition on the back flap with a £25 cash prize provided by the publishers for diligent students of the book, left me in two minds. I am not sure whether I find it amusing or distasteful. I certainly did not like the beginning of each chapter, which is based on the methods used for serials in *Pam's Own Piffle* and other women's magazines devoted to proving the fitness of the opposite sex for equal rights and the equal vote. Here, for example, is the opening chapter on Charles II's escape from Worcester:

CHARLES II, "a long dark man, above two yards high," was not yet twenty-one when he was defeated at the Battle of Worcester. As night was falling on that September day, 1651, he and a handful of followers rode out into the lovely, dangerous countryside. One of the men with him was:

LORD WILMOT, who remained always a merry fugitive. He scorned any disguise except a hawk on his wrist; he was Charles's only companion in his final escape to France. Another of the small group of fugitives was:

COLONEL CHARLES GIFFARD, of Chillington Park, Staffordshire, owner of the properties of White-ladies and Boscobel, whose tenants were some of the five . . . etc., etc.

It is all very ingenious, but I wonder whether the excellent tale (or tales) which Miss Pearson has to tell needs such adornment. The book is packed with information, and although after this curious approach I read it with a hawk-like eye, I could detect no major historical errors. I am sure this book will have a wide sale, but I cannot help hoping that Miss Pearson's method of presentation will not spread.

A book in the reasoning of which I unsuccessfully tried to find a flaw—for flaw there *must* be—but which has given me great amusement, is "Taxes Without Tears," by C. A. V. Smith (Secker and Warburg; 15s.). Mr. Smith is an architect by profession, but an economist and a politician by inclination. His "fable" consists of an imaginary situation where a group of businessmen are discussing the Budget, after which a strange disease, which attacks only millionaires or the very rich, sweeps the country. This wrecks the stock market because of the amount of shares unloaded to meet death duties. The fantasy pursues its happy course to the point where Mr. Smith makes out an excellent case for the abolition of virtually all taxation as we know it to-day, and an ingenious scheme for its replacement which would immediately reduce the cost of running the country by £2,000,000,000 a year, with a vast increase in the export trade of the nation and the happiness of the individual! As I say, there *must* be a flaw in it somewhere, but I am blessed if I can see it—and in the meanwhile I extracted a great deal of amusement from it. It is something in these days to be able to juggle lightly with millions and to make economics a hilarious affair!

Some years before the war, there was published a monument to a friend of hers, a gallant anti-Fascist, who set off in a light plane to bombard Rome with leaflets, a long poem with an English translation, by Ruth Draper. It was called "Icaro." It was lovely—and most successful. I was reminded of this when I was reading recently "Poems," by Antonia Pozzi, with an English version by Nora Wydenbruck (Calder; 21s.). The late Signorina Pozzi was clearly a poetess of great sincerity and distinction. I should dearly like to hear someone with a fine reading voice in Italian recite these lovely short verses aloud. She was apparently by no means a poet's poetess, being a society girl with a love of mountains, the sea and horses. I would like to feel that the verse of this young girl, whom clearly the Gods loved, could have, through the sensitive translation of Miss Wydenbruck, the wide public which it deserves.

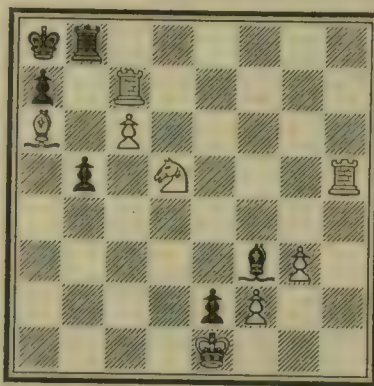
Very different in style, feeling and ambience is the verse of surely one of the most pathetic characters in English poetry, John Clare, the subject of "John Clare—His Life and Poetry," by John and Anne Tibble (Heinemann; 25s.), who was, in a way, the English Robert Burns—with the added advantage of intelligibility to the ordinary non-Scottish reader. Clare was a simple country boy in a pre-enclosures village in Northamptonshire, but became for a short time one of the most brilliant poets of the golden age of the early nineteenth century. He was much taken up by the great, but alas! a mind, like Cowper's, never too firmly balanced, collapsed under the strain of emotion recollected in frenzy. His most pathetic letter, apart from those to his wife, must surely be that written in 1860 to an unknown admirer, in which he said: "Dear Sir, I am in a Madhouse & quite forget your name or who you are. You must excuse me for I have nothing to communicate or tell of & why I am shut up I don't know." Alas! poor Clare!

E. D. O'BRIEN.

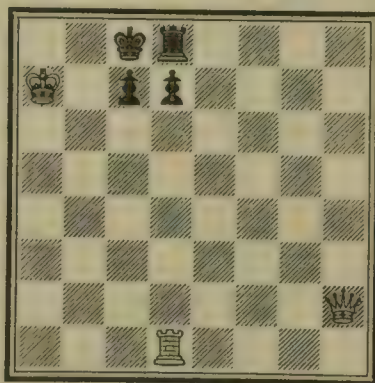
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

OUR more expert readers may find this week's two problems rather easy. Our less expert readers will find them correspondingly attractive! Don't allow your gaze to wander too far down the column, otherwise you may see the solutions before you wish. In each, following the traditional convention, White is imagined to be playing UP the board.



White to play and mate on move 3.



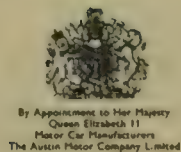
White to play and mate on move 2.

Each of the problems has a story.

The first is the first problem ever published in *The Illustrated London News*, on June 25, 1842. White mates by 1. B-K7ch, R×B; 2. R-B8ch, R-Kt8; 3. Kt-B7. Every White move a check; and the *raison d'être* of several pieces and pawns a mystery.

Of the second, it is said that ex-World Champion Dr. Euwe found himself stranded without his notes, but with a chess column to fill. Within half an hour he had composed this problem, which is solved by 1. Q-Q6. If 1... P×Q; 2. R-QB1 mates. If 1... P-B3; 2. Q-Kt8, and if 1... R moves; 2. Q×QP is mate. Slight but pretty; and interesting because, as a problemist, Dr. Euwe is almost unknown.

characters in English poetry, John Clare, the subject of "John Clare—His Life and Poetry," by John and Anne Tibble (Heinemann; 25s.), who was, in a way, the English Robert Burns—with the added advantage of intelligibility to the ordinary non-Scottish reader. Clare was a simple country boy in a pre-enclosures village in Northamptonshire, but became for a short time one of the most brilliant poets of the golden age of the early nineteenth century. He was much taken up by the great, but alas! a mind, like Cowper's, never too firmly balanced, collapsed under the strain of emotion recollected in frenzy. His most pathetic letter, apart from those to his wife, must surely be that written in 1860 to an unknown admirer, in which he said: "Dear Sir, I am in a Madhouse & quite forget your name or who you are. You must excuse me for I have nothing to communicate or tell of & why I am shut up I don't know." Alas! poor Clare!



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THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH: THE ROVER "90."

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.MECH.E.

FOR many years the Rover range has had a reputation for quality. In the present "90" this reputation is undoubtedly enhanced, because the modifications which distinguish it from its predecessor have improved its performance without detracting from its smooth and silent running.

In appearance the three cars of the range, the 4-cylinder 1997 c.c. "60," the 6-cylinder 2230 c.c. "75," and the 6-cylinder 2638 c.c. "90," are practically identical; they have the same four-door saloon bodies mounted on the same sturdy box-section chassis frame. But whereas the "60" and "75" retain the free-wheel which has for long been a special feature of Rover transmissions, the "90" omits it, and is offered with the addition of a Laycock-de Normanville overdrive. With this a spiral-bevel final drive ratio of 4.3 to 1 is used, and the overall gear ratios between engine and rear wheels are 3.34 to 1 on overdrive, 4.3 to 1 on top, 5.923 to 1 on third, 8.795 to 1 on second, and 14.506 to 1 on first gear.

As the engine has been given a slightly higher compression ratio, 7.5 to 1 in place of the previous 6.73 to 1, resulting in an increase in power from 90 b.h.p. to 93 b.h.p. at 4500 r.p.m., the top-gear performance and acceleration have naturally gained. Moreover, the extra power allows good use to be made of the overdrive, which is controlled electrically by a switch lever beneath the steering-wheel readily operated by the driver's left hand. Indeed, I found that much normal running is carried out in overdrive, for there is little need to change down to direct top except for traffic-driving or because the driver is in a hurry or requires more rapid acceleration for the purpose of overtaking another vehicle swiftly. Away from traffic and on the open road the "90" can, in fact, virtually be driven as a two-speed car using only overdrive and top gear. So driven, it gives two-pedal control, for the change from overdrive to top, or vice versa, is effected simply and smoothly by the switch lever without the aid of the clutch.

Driven in this way, the result on petrol consumption becomes obvious even when an average speed well in the forties is maintained, for a figure of 25 m.p.g. was obtained over a 350-mile test. Naturally, if conditions are such that more frequent use of the indirect ratios is desirable, as in hilly country, then such a high figure should not be expected. There is no reason, however, apart from laziness on the part of the driver or a desire to secure a good petrol-consumption figure, why good use of the gears should not be made, for the Rover type of central gear lever and the quality of the gear-box itself make gear changes an easy matter. As speeds of approximately 24 m.p.h. on first, 39 m.p.h. on second and 59 m.p.h. on third gear are attainable without overstressing the engine, it will be appreciated that the car is no sluggard in any terrain.

The main purpose of the overdrive is to reduce engine speed, particularly for high-speed cruising. Thus for 1000 engine r.p.m. the speed on direct top is 18 m.p.h., but on overdrive this rises to 23.3 m.p.h. Accordingly, a cruising speed of 72 m.p.h. on top calls for 4000 r.p.m., but on overdrive for only a little over 3000 r.p.m.

The effect of the overdrive on maximum speed is not very pronounced, for on top gear the engine will exceed its 4500 r.p.m. peak and give about 87 m.p.h., whereas on overdrive the maximum just exceeds 90 m.p.h., when the engine is running more easily at just under 4000 r.p.m.—that is, below the peak of its power curve. Accordingly, wear and tear are reduced.

Happily the increase in power obtained from the engine has not impaired its smoothness and silence of operation. To the latter the carburettor intake silencer contributes not a little and only at the higher engine speeds can the engine really be heard. The gear-box also is commendably quiet and thus long runs do not impose mental fatigue on the occupants. An absence of physical fatigue results from the combination of a well-designed suspension system and comfortably upholstered seating, which is provided with adjustment for cushion height and for squab angle as well as with the normal fore-and-aft movement.

A bench seat or separate seats are offered; the car tested had separate seats and the folding centre arm-rests and the adjustable arm-rests on the doors give a high degree of comfort.

Although the steering is fairly low-geared and therefore light in action, it does not give the impression of keeping one busy. There is a sufficient degree of understeer to give confidence, and sufficient self-centring action. The steering-wheel carries a horn ring switch, and a minor criticism is that this is easily touched accidentally.

Another modification in the present "90" is in keeping with its improved performance—the fitting of two-trailing-shoe front brakes assisted by a vacuum servo. Thus only light pedal pressure is called for to obtain a high degree of efficiency, and even under severe conditions the brakes remain very consistent.

In its appointments the Rover "90" leaves little to be desired. The good quality of the finish, the style of the interior and the attention to detail displayed throughout are in keeping with its reputation for quality. The curved windscreen and the wrap-around rear window give excellent visibility for driver and passengers. The luggage locker provides approximately 13 cu. ft. of space.

MOTORING NOTES.

SPRING MODELS

It is becoming quite usual for manufacturers to

refrain from introducing all their new models at the autumn international exhibitions and to announce one or two of them in the spring. Thus Fiat showed their new *Multipla*, an all-purpose version of the "600," at the Brussels Show in January, and Renault announced their new 850 c.c. rear-engined *Dauphine* at the Geneva Show in March.

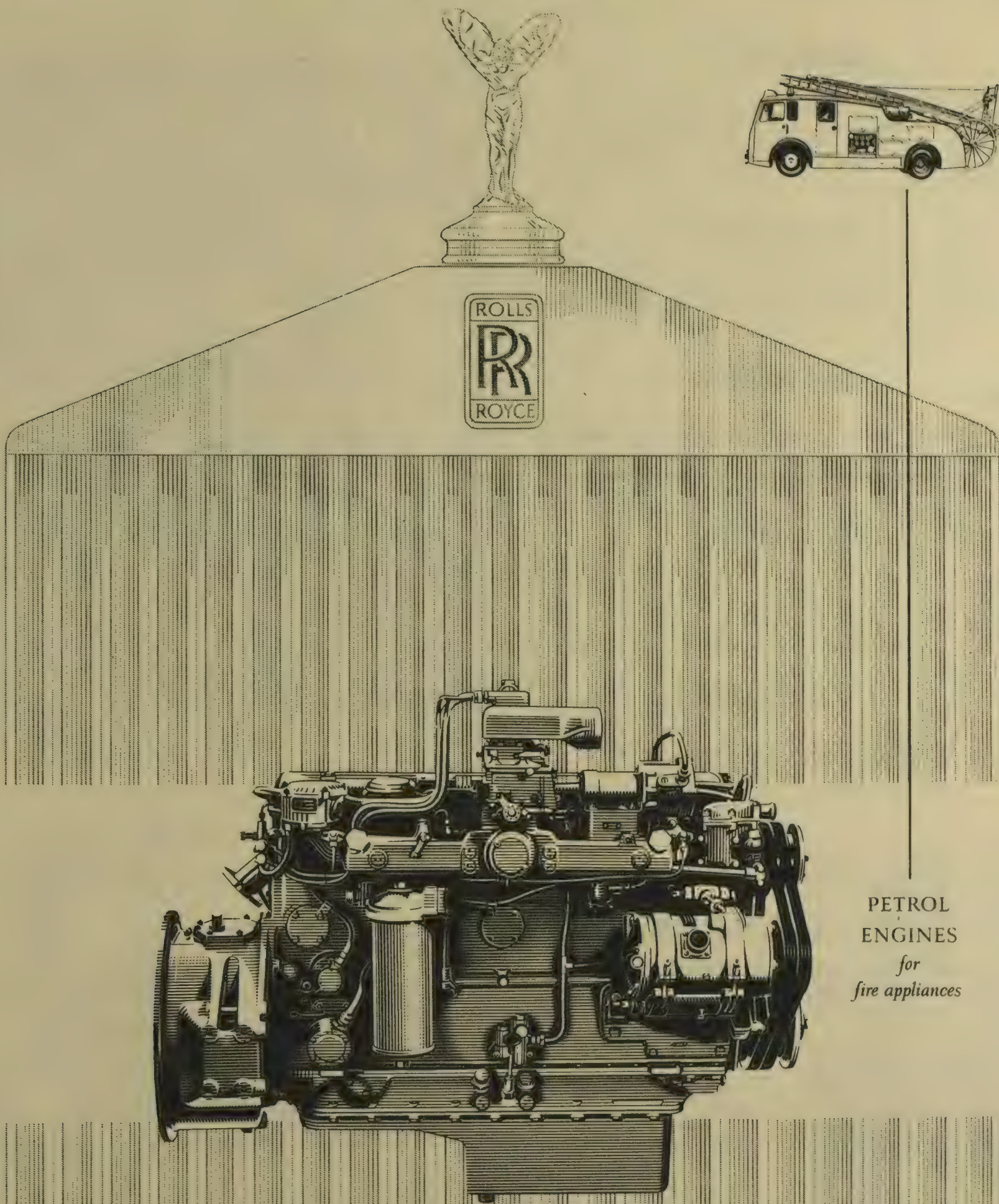
Then Ford disclosed their three new models of the *Consul*, *Zephyr* and *Zodiac* late in February, and Austin have recently announced a new edition, Series III, of the Nash *Metropolitan*, which they manufacture for the Nash Kelvinator Corporation.

The *Metropolitan* has earned \$21,000,000 since its début in 1954, and the latest model has the Austin A.50 engine and a higher final drive ratio, which gives it an enhanced performance. It has also been restyled, with a chromium-plated grille and attractive two-colour finish.

Easter is the time at which a new edition of the famous Michelin Guide may be expected. The 1956 edition has duly made its appearance and it is naturally in its customary form, although brought thoroughly up to date. A new feature is a list of hotels and restaurants where good meals may be served at an all-in price not exceeding 700 francs, roughly 14s. A map shows the location of these restaurants. To the tourist in France the Michelin Guide is invaluable.



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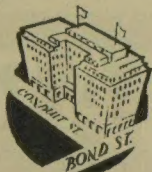
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